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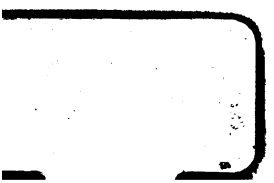

NAS
Donald
Fraser

DONALD FRASER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"BERTIE LEE."

"He is faithful who promised." Heb. x. 23.

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Cambridge Press.
DAKIN AND METCALF.

Many of the incidents in this little story are true, even that of the Chinaman, which will be considered, perhaps, the most remarkable. The writer has himself seen the "curious teapot" referred to.

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." Psalm xxxvii. 3.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	The Mad Dog,	7
II.	The Priest of Midian,	17
III.	Field Preaching,	27
IV.	The Mill-Dam,	37
V.	On the Journey,	45
VI.	The Story of the Kenite,	59
VII.	The Sailor Boy,	71
VIII.	Captain Johnson's Story,	81
IX.	More about the Kenite,	91
X.	The New World,	105
XI.	The Patriarch's Blessing,	113
XII.	The Chinaman,	129
XIII.	A Disappointment,	137
XIV.	More about the Blessings,	147
XV.	Charlie Perkins,	161
XVI.	The end of the Blessings,	173
XVII.	The Curious Teapot,	189
XVIII.	A Time of Trial,	199
XIX.	Letters,	209
XX.	Conclusion,	217

DONALD FRASER.

I.

THE MAD DOG.

ERE, Donald, run with this letter to Mr. McFarlane's and there's fourpence for you," said old Mr. Burnet to Donald Fraser, one Saturday morning.

"I will take the letter, sir, but I don't want the money," was the prompt reply.

But before Mr. Burnet released the letter, he had forced the four large coppers into Donald's pocket.

It was a lovely day, cool enough to be agreeable, and just the morning for a brisk walk. Mr. McFarlane's house was two miles out of the village, but in a few minutes Donald had entered the little wicket-gate and was striding up the gravelled walk to the house. Mr.

McFarlane came himself to the door, and shook hands very cordially with Donald, and invited him in; but he refused to stay.

He was soon back in the village again. As he was walking along the street, he saw a crowd collected round a door. Stepping up to see what had brought so many people together, he heard the words, "Going, going, gone," pronounced by a man standing on a bench just inside the door. It was an auction sale, or "roup," as it is called in Scotland. He was riveted to the spot. It was a curious sight to a boy who had never witnessed anything of the kind before. Chairs, bedsteads, carpets, and other articles of furniture were sold in rapid succession. Finally the auctioneer held up a folio copy of Josephus's Works, all in one volume, bound in leather, with very thick boards. One of the covers had been nearly broken off, but was still held in its place by a few threads.

"How much for Josephus, the great historian of the Jews?" cried the auctioneer. "How much shall we have for Josephus?"

But there was no response. The audience was by no means a literary one. The household furniture had called forth many bidders, but no one wanted Josephus. It is true it was rather rough-looking externally, but it was fair print and paper, and complete.

"How much for Josephus?" was repeated, after quite a pause. Again for a moment there was no answer, when Donald, who by this time was well forward in the crowd, and was really breaking the tenth commandment over the book; almost without knowing it, exclaimed "Fourpence, sir." "Going, gone. You are the smallest customer I have had today, and the book is yours," the auctioneer replied, with a smile, at the same time handing it to Donald. The fourpence was dug from the bottom of the boy's pocket and handed over, after which he marched off in triumph, well laden with his purchase.

It was no inconsiderable weight, and so he mounted it on his shoulder the more easily to carry it.

He was passing the blacksmith shop, when

he felt something strike him, and, looking quickly round, saw the eyes of a great dog glaring at him. The dog gave a snap at his shoulder, but instead of catching it, as the fierce animal no doubt intended, his fangs went through the boards of Josephus and a little way in among the printed pages.

A blow from the brawny arm of the blacksmith, wielding a large iron bar, fell on the head of the dog, and laid him dead at their feet.

Donald carefully picked up the book, which in the hubbub had been thrown on the ground, straightening out the crumpled leaves and wiping off the dust as he did so, and giving rather a rueful look at the hole made on each side by the dog's teeth.

"Don't feel bad about the book, Donald," said the blacksmith; "it has saved your life, for the dog was mad."

Donald saw at once the great danger he had been in, and his heart was filled with gratitude to God for his deliverance.

He hastened home to tell his mother about

the adventures of the morning. She was washing as he entered the cottage, but when he began to detail the nature of the danger to which he had been exposed, and his remarkable deliverance, her work ceased, and she sent up an ejaculatory prayer of thanksgiving, concluding in the words of Moses, "The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety, and the Lord shall cover him all the day long."

He had just finished the account when looking out at the window he exclaimed, "Mother, the postman is coming in at the gate, and he has a letter for you."

In another moment the man's rap was heard at the door. As Donald received the letter he said, —

"There is a shilling's postage on it, mother."

Mrs. Fraser went to the chest of drawers that stood in a corner of the room, and took out her purse, — a well-worn leather one, fastened by an iron clasp. From this she took the money, and the letter was paid.

"It is post-marked New York, and must

be from your Uncle Niel," said Mrs. Fraser, as she broke the seal. She read it deliberately to herself first, and then aloud to her little boy. It ran as follows:—

"New York, March 1, 18—.

"My dear Sister:—I received your letter of Dec. 10th some time since, and feel sorry that I have not answered it sooner. But my prospects and plans were then very uncertain, and so I waited till now. I have just got a situation as first mate in the ship 'Eagle Wing,' which sails for Rio de Janeiro in a few days. I will be away probably four months. If you think it would be better for Donald that you should come to this country, I will be very glad to see you here on my return. To enable you to do this I enclose you a draft for twenty pounds, which is all the money I can spare at present. When you reach New York go to the office of Light & Tasker, number 46 South street, and they will tell you the whereabouts, as far as they may know it, of the 'Eagle Wing.' Leave also

your address with the book-keeper, Mr. Robertson, so that I may find you the moment I return.

"It will be a great change to you to come to a new country; you will miss your old friends and your ordinary routine of life, so that I scarcely know what to advise. But commit your case unto Him who has said, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' The mercy-seat I know is no strange place to you. May our heavenly Father guide you in this matter. Commending you unto his blessed care, I remain, in great haste,

"Your affectionate brother,

"NIEL SCOTT."

Large tears were coursing down Mrs. Fraser's cheeks as she finished reading this kind letter from her sailor brother, who, beside herself, was the only living member of her father's family. She had not seen him for many years, but a regular correspondence had been kept up between them.

Mrs. Fraser had been left a widow when Donald was only a few months old, and she had struggled hard to keep a house over her head. She had been a minister's daughter, and was well educated and highly intelligent on all matters relating to the Bible. In her efforts she had been several times aided with small sums from her brother, who, though he led a somewhat roving life, was yet a pious man, and very fond of his only sister.

Donald was now twelve years old, but from being so much with his mother was more mature than boys generally are at that age. It had been Mr. Fraser's intention to take his wife to America soon after their marriage, but several circumstances had prevented him from doing so. But, in little more than a year after, the Lord called him to the "better land." Mrs. Fraser was an orphan herself, and therefore she would not have to leave any near relatives in going away. She had always heard that America was peculiarly the poor man's country, and so she thought the prospect of her little son in that land of "free

schools" would be better than in his native country. To her the prospect was not attractive; but what will a mother not do for an only son?

The arrival of this letter from her generous brother opened the way by providing the means. Her heart was full of gratitude to God for this, and that night she decided to go to America.

II.

THE PRIEST OF MIDIAN.

THE next morning was the Sabbath, and a bright and beautiful day it was. When Donald came downstairs he found his mother preparing the breakfast. A fire of peat was burning on the hearth, and over it was suspended the black iron pot, containing the oat-meal porridge, which spluttered and bubbled, and occasionally boiled over on the heated embers. The little tea-kettle was singing its merry song on the other side of the fireplace, while the large black cat, delighted with the reflected heat, was taking a morning nap.

The clean, white tablecloth was spread over the plain fir table. The little brown teapot was placed on the tray. A small loaf of bar-

ley bread, some excellent butter, and a pitcher of new milk, with Donald's bicker (or wooden bowl) filled with porridge, composed their frugal but most wholesome and palatable meal. God's blessing was devoutly sought, not only on his bounty spread before them, but on all the exercises and privileges of the Sabbath day.

The meal over, Mrs. Fraser took down from the shelf the large-print Bible, which had been her marriage gift from her brother Niel.

In the end of it were printed the Psalms of David in metre,—the old Scottish version. The Psalm selected was the twenty-third, and they sang it to the "wild warbling measure" of Dundee.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

"My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

"My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head with oil thou dost anoint,
And my cup overflows.

"Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

She read the second chapter of Exodus and then engaged in prayer. As they rose from their knees, Donald read over again the portion from the fifteenth verse to the end of the twenty-first: —

"'Moses fled from the face of Pharaoh, and dwelt in the land of Midian; and he sat down by a well. Now the priest of Midian had seven daughters: and they came and drew water, and filled the troughs to water their father's flock. And the shepherds came and drove them away; but Moses stood up and helped them, and watered their flock. And

when they came to Reuel their father, he said, How is it that ye are come so soon to-day? And they said, an Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherds, and also drew water enough for us, and watered the flock. And he said unto his daughters, And where is he? why is it that ye have left the man? call him, that he may eat bread. And Moses was content to dwell with the man; and he gave Moses Zipporah his daughter.'"

"Mother," said Donald, "was this priest of Midian an idolater, or was he one of the servants of the true God?"

"I think there is little doubt," said Mrs. Fraser, "that he was a priest of the true God. The meaning of his name, which is 'Friend of God,' indicates this; and as the Midianites were descendants of Abraham, by his wife Keturah, some of them may have retained a knowledge of God. It seems hardly likely that Moses, who had sacrificed so much for God's people, would marry into a heathen family. Reuel, or as he is in the next chapter called Jethro, seems to have been a man of

considerable importance, for the word that is here translated priest also means prince, and it is likely that he was both."

"How, then," said Donald, "did his daughters have to take care of the sheep? If he was a prince, I should think that would have been unnecessary."

"Not at all," replied his mother; "there was nothing lowering in this employment. Laban's daughters (and Laban was a man of wealth) were doing the same thing when Jacob first met them.

"But if he was a prince," interposed Donald, "how did the shepherds dare to interfere with his daughters in watering their sheep?"

"These were probably Bedouins or wandering Arabs, who were only for a time in that part of the country, — men who were not subject to Jethro or any other ruler, — men whose hands were against every man," said his mother.

But Donald, who was not yet satisfied, and seemed determined on an objection, ex-

claimed, "But, mother, why do they call Moses an Egyptian? He was an Israelite."

"Because he was clad in the garb of an Egyptian, spoke their language, and, externally at least, had all the appearance of being one. And besides, though Moses belonged to the slave-race of the Hebrews, yet he *was* born in Egypt. In the Old Testament the word Hebrew distinguished the chosen people from other nations, while Israelite was the sacred name used among themselves, and denoted their covenant relation to God. Thus Moses was an Egyptian by birth, a Hebrew by descent, and a Levite because he belonged to the tribe of Levi."

"But, mother," continued Donald, "why was it necessary that Moses should be forty years in Midian? It seems a long time for a great and good man like him to be idle."

"He was not idle, my son. God had a great purpose in keeping him there so long. In Egypt, Moses had become a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier; but he must now learn greater things than these by communion with

God in solitude. It was necessary, also, that he be inured to the hardships of a wandering life, before so great a responsibility should be laid upon him. Moses never could have borne humbly his future power and glory but for this time of retirement and meditation. Then note the expression, 'Moses was *content* to dwell with the man.' He who had been accustomed to all the luxury of the Egyptian court was satisfied with this humble and self-denying life of the desert. 'By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king; for he endured, as seeing Him who is invisible.'"

"What else does the Bible say about Jethro, mother?"

"You will find more about him in the 18th chapter of Exodus," said Mrs. Fraser.

Donald read the account of Jethro's paying a visit to Moses, and bringing his wife to him while he was with the children of Israel in the wilderness.

"Jethro must have been a believer in God now," said Donald, when he had finished the

chapter, "whatever he was before, for he says in the 10th verse, 'Blessed be the Lord, who hath delivered you out of the hand of the Egyptians.' And again in the 11th verse, 'Now I know that the Lord is greater than all gods;' and again in the 12th verse, he 'took a burnt offering and sacrifices for God.'"

"And he was not only a good man but a very wise one," said Mrs. Fraser, "as we see by the excellent advice he gave Moses to take 'able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness; and place such over the people, to be rulers of thousands, and rulers of hundreds, and rulers of fifties, and rulers of tens.' This wise counsel saved Moses a great deal of trouble, for he acted on it at once."

"But, mother, how was it that Moses' wife was not with him in Egypt? It says in Exodus iv. 20, 'Moses took his wife and his sons, and set them on an ass, and he returned to the land of Egypt.'"

"It is supposed," said Mrs. Fraser, "that Zipporah returned to her father's house, after

going so far on the way towards Egypt; that she returned from the inn where they stopped, Exodus iv. 24–26.

"The probability is that Moses foresaw that the difficulties in Egypt would be very great, and he might have doubted whether Zipporah would have fortitude and patience enough to bear them. Doubtless, too, his work could be quite as well accomplished alone. It may be that he met her again here in the wilderness by appointment."

"Is that all there is about Jethro?" inquired Donald, after a pause.

"In the 10th chapter of Numbers, 29th verse," said Mrs. Fraser, "we read about Hobab, the son of Raguel, the Midianite, Moses' father-in-law; some think this Hobab was the same as Jethro, and that Raguel, or Reuel, was his father."

"But it does not say so here," said Donald. "It seems rather to say that Hobab was his brother-in-law."

"But in the Judges iv. 11," said his mother, "Hobab is called the father-in-law

of Moses. As nearly forty years had elapsed since Moses was married, it seems more likely that Jethro was dead, and that Hobab was his son. But it is no consequence which way it was. Hobab was at any rate some relative to Moses, and he was an energetic and excellent man.

"But it is almost time for church, Donald, so get ready as soon as you can."

III.

"MOTHER, here are some violets and pinks from my own garden for you," said Donald, as he came back into her room again. "They will do for you to take to church, I think."

"Very nicely, thank you," said his mother, who was now ready. After locking the door, the two set off hand in hand. The road was a singularly beautiful one. They first went over a very curious old bridge that had been built for more than a hundred years, but was yet in perfect preservation. Beneath the bridge glided a silvery stream containing many little fishes, which were darting here and there, sporting in the summer sunshine. Beyond this was a hill commanding an exten-

sive view of a sweet country. The road was lined on either side by a hawthorn hedge covered with red and white blossoms, giving forth their delightful fragrance. These hedges have a beauty and a fragrance to which no description can do justice. A few fleecy clouds floated through the sky above them. On every hand was the most intense Sabbath stillness, scarcely disturbed by the hum of insects or the song of birds.

It was communion Sabbath, and, as it was then very common in Scotland, the preaching was to be in the field, for the better accommodation of the great numbers that usually attend on such occasions.

The place of meeting was a large meadow, a little way from the church. In the centre was a wooden stand for the preacher. A murmuring stream or river flowed near it. On one side rose a chain of precipitous hills covered to their summits with verdure; on the other was the village, at the end of which stood the little church. Fine fertile fields were spread out on the other

two sides, all under the highest state of cultivation.

The day was growing warm, but a tree here and there afforded shade for many, while the delightful breeze, from the gurgling little river, refreshed them all. The crowd was quite as interesting as the scenery. It was a very varied one. The keen and hard-featured faces of weavers and shoemakers, pale from their sedentary employments, contrasted strongly with the bluff and ruddy countenances of the ploughmen. There were old men, wearing broad blue bonnets over their silvery hairs, and old women with round linen caps instead of bonnets; blooming girls, too, with modest beauty, meeting together with earnest faces to hear the word. Children peopled the outside of the assembly, generally occupying elevated positions.

Mrs. Fraser and Donald pressed forward, endeavoring to get as near the speaker's stand as possible. Mrs. Fraser was far from strong, and, being everywhere respected and beloved, a large stone was secured for her to sit on. The shepherd's plaid, which they carried with

them, when folded made an excellent cushion. Donald stood by her side, occasionally leaning on his mother for support. A solemn stillness pervaded that great audience as the preacher began. He gave out a psalm in a clear, distinct voice, and all that multitude joined in singing it to the good old Scottish tune of Coleshill. A solemn and somewhat lengthy prayer followed, after which another psalm was sung. The preacher now announced his text: "They spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." Straightway the minds of the large throng are transported to the top of Tabor, — a loftier hill than any in sight, — and their hearts begin to burn within them as they see their Lord talking to the celestial messengers on that memorable transfiguration morn. The preacher is not imaginative in thought, or refined in language; but he is earnest, and, as his voice rises with his subject, and his eye kindles, every heart in the audience is softened, and not a few tears are seen stealing down the cheeks of old and young.

When he closes, part of the audience, and among others, Mrs. Fraser, repair to the church, where the communion services proper were conducted. But preacher after preacher occupied the stand, and with little interruption the services continued through the day. A kind neighbor, not far from the scene of the out-door preaching, invited Donald and his mother to go home with him at noon and have some bread and cheese.

The sun was near its setting as our two friends were on the road homeward.

They conversed together by the way of the Lamb slain, — of Him whose death had that day been commemorated by so many of his loving followers. The services had been long, yet full of interest. It had been a day of much spiritual refreshment to that sorrowing child of God.

When they had eaten supper, and the dishes had been cleared away, Donald said, "This morning, mother, we left off our conversation at a very interesting place, we were talking about Hobab."

"Well, you may read the account, which you will find in the 10th chapter of Numbers, verses 29, 30, and 31."

Donald read them.

"'And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Raguel the Midianite, Moses' father-in-law, We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you; come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. And he said unto him, I will not go; but I will depart to mine own land, and to my kindred. And he said, Leave us not, I pray thee; forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes.'

"Mother, why did Moses want Hobab to go with him?"

"Because he was a near relative, and because, as he says, Hobab could be of much use to them as a guide."

"But had they not God for a guide, in the pillar of fire by night, and the pillar of cloud by day?"

"Yes, my son; but these tokens of God's presence and guidance only extended to the general direction, when they were to march, and when they were to halt. Besides, every good man is guided by God. 'All things work together for good to him that loves God;' but this only increases his activity to make wise preparation for every emergency. 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God which worketh in you.' Any other course would be to do as the Devil wished the Saviour to do, Matthew iv. 6. It would be of the highest importance to the Israelites to have a native sheikh or chief with them, who was familiar with the routes, who would know where pasture might be found for the flocks, and fuel for their fires, — one who would know the tribes hostile to their march, who could understand the signs of the weather, and a great many other things, that only such a man could know."

"But do you think he went with them, mother?"

"Yes, my son, I think he did; for see by

the 32d verse what strong inducements Moses held out to him to go."

Donald read the verse: "'And it shall be, if thou go with us, yea, it shall be, that what goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will he do unto thee.'"

"And now, my son, I want you to notice that this promise meant, all and only good to Hobab, including a share in the blessings of Israel, freedom from their wars as well as their burdensome ritual, and liberty, while not owning the land, to use its pasturage at their pleasure. We will see in the sequel how fully these promises were made good to Hobab and his descendants."

"But still, mother, it does not say that he went."

"That is true; it does not say so here, but if you will turn to the first chapter of Judges, verse 16th, you will see that his descendants were in the promised land soon after the time of its settlement."

Donald read: "'And the children of the Kenite, Moses' father-in-law, went up out

of the city of the palm-trees with the children of Judah into the wilderness of Judah, which lieth in the south of Arad: and they went and dwelt among the people.'"

"Does the Bible tell anything more about the Kenite?"

"A great deal; but we have not time to-night to follow the interesting story any farther; some other day we will see what more we can learn about them."

IV.

"MOTHER, can I go with Charlie Spence and Georgie Walker, down to the bank of the river," said Donald, as he looked in at the cottage door, the last afternoon they were to be in their native village.

"Yes," said his mother, "if you will be careful not to go too near the brink."

"Yes, I will be careful," was Donald's prompt reply.

Charlie was about three years older and Georgie two years younger than Donald.

The three boys lived near together, had always gone to the same school, and were very fast friends. They had a good romp down through the field, playing tag as they went.

Along the banks of the river was a little

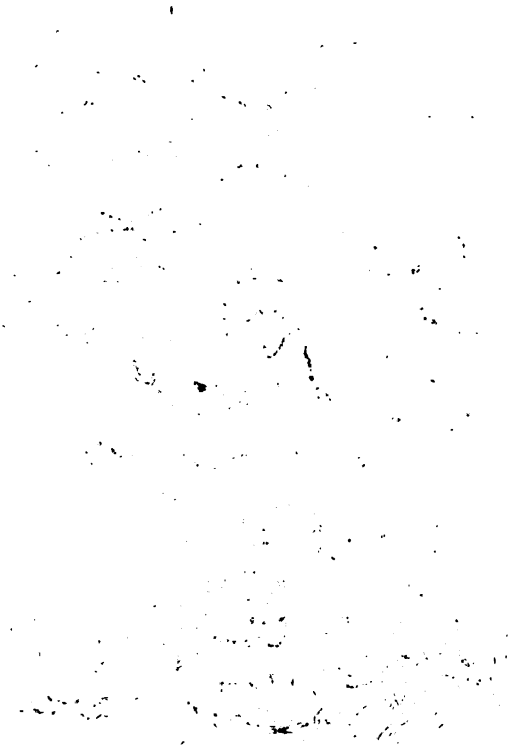
footpath, very picturesque and beautiful, the favorite resort of all the villagers on summer evenings, but at this hour, — two o'clock in the afternoon, — it was entirely deserted.

Along this path was a row of young trees and thick bushes, forming not only excellent shade, but making admirable places for concealment.

So a game of hide-and-seek was proposed and accepted by acclamation. Most of these bushes were on the narrow strip between the path and the river.

They had grand sport for a while; they hid and they ran, they laughed and they shouted. The whole scene was like anything but parting; but, as this was to be their last game together, they were determined to make it a merry one.

When the excitement was at the highest point, suddenly a violent plash was heard in the stream. Somehow Donald, in a moment, suspected danger, and, rushing to the spot, he was horrified to see that Georgie was struggling in the water. The truth was, that, in the excitement of their play, he had climbed



footpath, very picturesque and beautiful, the

a tree whose branches overhung the river, the better to conceal himself, when, making an unsafe step, he was precipitated into the waters below. Young though Donald was, he had great presence of mind, and one of the things he had been taught was how to swim. He hesitated not a moment therefore, but stripping off his coat plunged in after his little friend. He knew that neither of his playmates could swim, and so Georgie must inevitably be drowned unless he could save him.

He struck out boldly after the drowning boy, and was not long in finding him, but the difficulty was how to hold him up after he was found.

Georgie grasped him by the leg with a death-like grip, and the two went down together, but in a moment came to the surface again. A thought now suggested itself to Charlie Spence, who stood in an agony on the shore. If Donald only had a board, it would bear them both up. He acted on this idea at once. A board-fence, or paling as it is called in Scotland, ran right across the meadow at

this place. He seized a large stone near, and, by two or three rapid and desperate blows, detached one of the boards and threw it into the river just as near as he could to the place where the boys had disappeared, for they had gone down again. As it touched the water, they once more came to the surface, and, strange to say, within a very few feet of the board. Donald made one desperate stroke with his hands and his arm was over it.

He raised his drowning companion, but, alas, consciousness was gone, and Georgie could do nothing to help himself. Still, by the aid of this board, Donald could easily support him.

A new danger, however, now presented itself; the current was both rapid and strong, and tended directly to the race-way of the old mill, a little way below. Once in that race-way, all hope would be at an end, for they would be carried directly over the great water-wheel and dashed to pieces.

He strove, therefore, with all his might to reach the shore; but, with the dead weight of Georgie depending, he made little progress.

Still he was evidently nearer the shore than he was when he caught the board.

Charlie watched with breathless anxiety this conflict with the waters, chafing at his own helplessness in the case, and longing to throw himself in. No person was near at hand, for the mill was on the other side of the stream, and the village was nearly half-a-mile off. He dared not leave his drowning friends, lest he might miss some opportunity of helping them.

Just when he was indulging the hope of their safety, they drifted to a spot where the current grew much stronger, and they were carried with frightful swiftness directly to the race-way. Oh, the agony of that moment to Charlie! — his companions going so swiftly and surely to an awful death, and he powerless to save them.

Donald, too, saw the danger. They were within a few yards of the race-way which, like a giant's mouth, was open to devour them. Going at the rate they then were, in another moment they would be beyond human aid. His self-possession now came to his help. If

he could only turn the board so that it would dash sideways against the mouth of the race-way, all might yet be well; but if the end should enter, they must follow, — follow to certain death. It is true, he could drop his young friend, and yet save himself by a few bold strokes; but this he never for a moment so much as thought of.

It was an awful moment. He made the attempt, difficult though it was, and got the board turned just in time for it to catch the two sides of the race-way. It bent fearfully from the pressure of the water, but it did not break.

Charlie Spence had been calling lustily for help; but the mill was across the stream, and the noise of the machinery so great that his cries were drowned.

Just as the board was thrown into the water, the mill stopped for a moment, and then the poor boy's cries were heard. Several men ran at once to the rescue.

One of them was an able-bodied fellow, — an excellent swimmer, — so he jumped in at

once, and relieved Donald of his burden. The current was stronger than he thought, and he was very nearly sucked into the race-way; but a few desperate strokes of one brawny arm, and his two feet, sent him out of the reach of danger. In a few seconds, he placed his insensible burden on the river's bank.

Restoratives were immediately applied, and the little fellow, who had not really been very long in the water, soon revived.

It was an easier task to rescue Donald. A rope was thrown to him, and he was without much difficulty drawn to the shore.

He emptied the water out of his boots, wrung his wet clothes, and proceeded homeward. He cut a sorry figure as he went along.

His mother was so busy that she did not observe his entrance till he stood before her. She was astonished at his pale face and drenched look.

"Why Donald!" she exclaimed, "where have you been?"

"In the mill-dam, mother; but I couldn't help it."

He then told her, as well as he could, all the story. She sent him at once to bed, giving him a warm drink, and putting a bottle filled with hot water to his feet. He was soon sleeping as sweetly as if he had never been in any danger, excepting that now and then he would start in his sleep. It was evident, however, that the little fellow had received no serious damage by the cold bath. Mrs. Fraser hung up his clothes before the fire to dry, for these were to be worn on the journey of the morrow. While he was sleeping away the effects of his dangerous adventure, she was ironing his damp clothes, and endeavoring to make them look as well as they did before. But, instead of indulging in vain regrets, her heart went up in devout gratitude to her heavenly Father for the preserving mercy that had spared her boy in such circumstances of danger. "Surely," she said to herself, "God has again made his promise good to the dear boy: 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

V.

A GOOD while before daylight the next morning Donald was awakened from a sound sleep by his careful mother. Not for a moment had she slept that night, partly because the mishap which befel Donald had given her something to do, and partly because she was so anxious and excited about her expected journey, that repose was a thing quite out of the question for her.

They had thirty miles to go to Edinburgh. This was the first stage of their journey. They were to be carried thither in the cart of a kind neighbor, Mr. Kerr. In this little vehicle were packed all their worldly goods, including the provisions for the sea voyage. Although the hour was an early one, the neighbors were

all astir, and many a tear was shed, and many a kindly word spoken. The venerable pastor who had bidden them farewell the night before, was also visible in the crowd, his flowing white hair rendering him conspicuous.

He shook Mrs. Fraser warmly by the hand, exclaiming, "Farewell; may the Lord God Almighty bless you, and keep you in all your way. We may never meet again in this world, but we shall meet in the better country."

Placing his hands reverently on Donald's head, he said: "The generation of the upright shall be blessed. Serve the Lord in your youth, my dear boy. His is a blessed service. Farewell, farewell." Here his feelings overcame him, and he burst into a flood of tears.

Many a little parting token was bestowed by these poor people,— some intended for use in the journey, some as more permanent mementoes of love and esteem,— none of any considerable cost, but each given with the whole heart of the giver.

But it was time to be off, and the cart

moved on and was soon lost to the crowd in the surrounding darkness.

The sun rose as they were crossing a high hill, about six miles off, from which they had the last view of their native town. It was with streaming eyes that Mrs. Fraser took that farewell look of a spot so dear to her heart. Around that sweet village were associated all the pleasant memories of the past, and the no less precious painful ones. There she had been born, — there she was married, and in that quiet country church-yard reposed the body of her sainted husband. But the cart moved remorselessly on, unmindful of her bursting heart.

About noon they stopped at a little spring by the wayside. The horse was disengaged from the cart and fed with oats.

As Mrs. Fraser was getting out some dinner from a basket, she saw a young girl come down the path from a cottage a little way off. She stood looking through the garden gate at them for a while, and then ran back into the cottage again. In a few moments a plainly dressed

woman came out, and invited them into her house. Mrs. Fraser at first declined, but the good woman would take no refusal, so they all went in. She made them sit down at her table to eat their dinner, and she gave them as much good milk to drink as they could use. While they were thus engaged, the kind host said, —

"And it will be into Edinburgh ye will be gaun wi' the cart?"

"Ay," said Mrs. Fraser, "that's a' the length we are gaun the day, but Edinburgh is only the beginning o' oure journey, — we are gaun to America a' the gate."

"To America! then ye'll tak a ship. Are ye no feer'd o' the sea, wi it's awfu' waves and muckle whales?"

"Na, am no feer'd. The same kind Lord that keeps us on the lan', can keep us on the sea."

"Weel, it's gude ye're sa brave, I wadna daur ventur'. But if it's America ye're gaun to ye'll mabee see our Tam. Tam ye ken is ma youngest brother. He gaed away twa year

sin', and has dune well away there. I dinna jist mind the name o' the place he is at, but I think it's something like Ka-nect-i-cut. Will that be near the bit ye are gaun to?"

Mrs. Fraser could not say, so the good woman continued, "Well, if ye meet Tam Dinwiddie, ye can tell him that ye saw his sister, and that she was brawly."

By this time their meal was finished; the horse had also consumed his provender. So, with many thanks for their entertainment, they bade the good woman farewell and resumed their journey.

It was nearly dark when they came in sight of Edinburgh. Mr. Kerr took them to the house of a friend of his in the old town. It was back through a narrow alley, or close, and then up a great many stairs. But when once the place was reached, they met a hearty welcome from good Mrs. Watson, who, though she had never seen Mrs. Fraser before, yet received her with the cordiality of an old acquaintance.

They were all tired, and after a plain but

substantial supper, of which they partook heartily, they were ready for bed. Mr. Kerr went to the house of another friend to sleep. Mrs. Fraser slept with Mrs. Watson, while a little bed was made for Donald in the room of all work.

They had no time or opportunity to see Edinburgh as they had to leave by the canal-boat for Glasgow the next morning. They were all astir early. Mrs. Watson and Mr. Kerr went with them to the boat, where there was another painful parting. But as the boat started promptly at the hour advertised, the leave-taking was soon over. Mrs. Fraser went down into the cabin, where, in a quiet corner, she sought relief by committing her way unto the Lord, and seeking his guidance and direction. Soon, however, Donald coaxed his mother up on deck. He had never been on the water before, and to him everything was new and delightful. He was never tired of watching the boat cut through the tiny waves. There was a constant change of scene on land, too, as they passed from place

to place. Thus what was to his mother one of the saddest, was to Donald one of the happiest days in his life.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached Glasgow. Early in the morning they were transferred to a small steamboat for Greenock. If the canal-boat had been a wonder to Donald, the steamboat was more than wonderful; it was past comprehension.

He watched with intense interest the play of the great wheels as they began to revolve. The rapid motion was most delightful.

His kind mother helped him up, so that he could see the polished machinery and its wonderful movements. Altogether it was a scene of marvellous enchantment, and produced an impression on his mind that was never effaced.

Before leaving home Mrs. Fraser had written to Greenock to engage passage for herself and boy. She had great trouble in finding the office, but when she did find it, she was told that the good ship, "William Wallace," for New York, the best vessel of their line, was to sail that afternoon at two o'clock.

She paid their passage, and, by the kindness of a young man in the office, she was enabled to get all her things on board before the hour of departure.

It was on a bright and beautiful afternoon in June that they floated out to sea. The wind was favorable, and, with all canvas set, the noble ship moved over the waves as a bird with wings. Before dark they were almost out of sight of land. Mrs. Fraser sat on deck watching one object after another fade away in the distance. A feeling of intense loneliness crept over her as she thought of the unknown country to which she was bound, and the warm hearts and loving looks of the dear old friends she had left behind.

She had strong faith; and it was an unspeakable comfort to her that God and heaven would be as near in America as they were in Scotland, and that known unto the Lord were all her ways. Donald watched the sailors as they climbed the rigging with such marvellous agility, or as they hauled in the anchor to their musical song, "Ye ho, ye ho."

The sea was calm, and the fresh breeze newly sprung up was very refreshing.

An elderly lady, dressed in black, who had been watching Donald, as with eyes like saucers he gazed in wonder and delight at what was going on around, after a while came up to him and gave him an orange. This was a luxury in which Donald had seldom been indulged, and his countenance was fairly radiant with gratitude to the kind giver. Mrs. Fraser also thanked her, and this led to some further conversation. This lady was a Mrs. Richardson, — one of the cabin passengers, — going to America to live with her son, whom she had not seen for five years, but who was doing business in St. Louis. She was a widow; and this son, to whom she was going, was her only child.

As they were taking their last look at their native land, which seemed now like a mere speck in the distance, Mrs. Richardson turned to Donald and said, —

"Don't you feel sorry to leave dear old Scotland?"

Donald scarcely knew what reply to make, for although he did feel sad to leave all his playmates, yet, to a boy of his age, the idea of a journey is very attractive; so, after a pause, he said,—

"I do not know, ma'am. I like the ship, and I hope I will like America; but I do feel sorry to leave my dear friends in our native village."

"I never expect to love any other land as I love Scotland," said Mrs. Fraser, emphatically.

"Neither do I," said her friend; adding, after a pause, "It is a highly favored land, and one we need never be ashamed of. How appropriate to our use now are Pringle's beautiful lines," she said, waving her hand as she spoke:—

"'Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song;
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

"'Home of our hearts! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!

The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee.

"'We seek a new and distant shore,
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

"'But may dishonor blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

"'The battle mound, the Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower,—
To each — to all — farewell.'"

The next day was rough, and most of the passengers were sick,— Mrs. Fraser particularly so; even Donald found it more comfortable in his berth than anywhere else. He tried to rise as usual in the morning, but finding that, between nausea and the rocking of the ship, it was impossible for him to stand, he was only too glad to get back to bed again. The bright prospect of the previous day was sadly clouded over, and as he lay there, feel-

ing very uncomfortable, he could not help wishing himself back in Scotland. But he was a good boy, and a brave boy, too, so he dismissed these gloomy thoughts, and tried to think how pleasant it would be to meet his uncle Niel in New York.

The next day was calmer; the sun came out in all its beauty. Many of the passengers crept out on deck. Donald was among the first there. He tried very hard to persuade his mother to get up, too; but she had been too seriously sick the day before, to recover at once, and so she lay still. Among others who got out on deck, as the day advanced, was Mrs. Richardson. When she recognized Donald, she asked particularly after his mother, and finally insisted on his showing her the way to Mrs. Fraser's berth in the steerage; but, before going down, she went to her own room in the cabin, and procured some restoratives to take with her.

Mrs. Fraser was much surprised to see her, and truly grateful for the visit. The very sunshine of this good woman's face was a re-

storative in itself. Before she took her leave, Mrs. Fraser felt so much better that she determined to make an effort to rise. Mrs. Richardson assisted her, and soon had the pleasure of escorting her on deck. The fresh air greatly revived the sick woman, and she felt like another person before she had been there an hour.

As they sat talking about Scotland, and the scenes they had left behind, Mrs. Richardson said,—

"To-morrow is the Lord's-day. In the morning, I suppose there will be preaching; but I want you to bring Donald to my room in the afternoon, that we may spend a few quiet hours in religious reading and conversation. I have a good many nice books, some of which I am sure you will like. I feel it will be profitable to us all to spend the afternoon of the Lord's-day together."

Mrs. Fraser was rather surprised at this kind proposal; but she was only too glad to accept it, for she knew that in the crowded steerage there would be little opportunity for quiet thought.

VI.

THE STORY OF THE KENITE.

THE next morning was bright and beautiful. In the forenoon there was preaching on deck, which the officers and crew and nearly all the passengers attended. Most had their Bibles with them, and they turned to the various passages referred to by the speaker. It was a refreshing and profitable exercise to all present. Immediately after dinner Mrs. Fraser and Donald went to Mrs. Richardson's room. Here they found some beautiful books that they had not seen before. Donald was soon deep in a little story called "Anna Ross," while his mother was no less interested in Dr. Thomson's Sermons. After reading for some time, they entered into conversation, when Mrs. Richardson

said to Mrs. Fraser that she would be glad to have her pursue the same plan with Donald that she was wont to pursue in her own house. A pause ensued, which was broken by Donald exclaiming,—

"O mother, I wish you would tell me some more about the Kenite."

"I am very willing, if Mrs. Richardson will allow us."

"Allow you! why, I will only be too glad to be a listener and a learner, too, with your dear son."

"But will you not help us?" said Mrs. Fraser. "I am sure you are much better able to explain God's word than I am."

"Well, I will be glad to help if I can, but I am afraid I will not be of much use to you."

Donald took his little Bible from his coat-pocket, and was all attention.

"The next mention of the Kenite," said Mrs. Fraser, "you will find in the 4th chapter of Judges, verses 11, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

Donald soon found the place and read,—

"'Now Heber, the Kenite, which was of the

children of Hobab, the father-in-law of Moses, had severed himself from the Kenites, and pitched his tent unto the plain of Zaanaim, which is by Kedesh."

"Was this far?" interposed Donald.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fraser; "it was a long way for those days, when travelling was done on foot. It was about one hundred and fifty miles; for the wilderness of Judah, where the Kenites dwelt, was in the extreme south of the promised land, whereas Kedesh is in the extreme north, in the territory of the tribe of Naphtali. We see thus one family of the Kenites, assured of God's protection, venturing away from the rest, to this northerly region, enjoying all the blessings promised by God to Hobab, living in peace in the midst of war, pasturing their flocks on land which they did not own, with none to molest them or make them afraid."

"Were these Kenites Jews?" said Donald.

"No," said Mrs. Fraser; "they were related to the Jews through Moses; no doubt, too, they loved and served Jehovah. Moses' prom-

ise had been gloriously fulfilled; they had all the privileges of the Jews, all the blessings of the promised land, and yet they were not actually incorporated in any of the tribes; were not circumcised, and did not have to follow any of their rites and ceremonies.

"But let us now see *why* they are mentioned here. Deborah and Barak led on the little army of ten thousand Israelites to the discomfiture of the host of Canaanites commanded by their great captain, Sisera, with his nine hundred chariots of iron. We are told, 'The Lord discomfited Sisera,' and that he 'lighted down off his chariot and fled away on his feet.' And now, Donald, what happened? Will you read from Judges iv. 17th to 21st verse?

Donald read: "'Howbeit Sisera fled away on his feet to the tent of Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite: for there was peace between Jabin the king of Hazor and the house of Heber the Kenite. And Jael went out to meet Sisera, and said unto him, Turn in, my lord, turn in to me; fear not. And when he

had turned in unto her into the tent, she covered him with a mantle. And he said unto her, Give me, I pray thee, a little water to drink; for I am thirsty. And she opened a bottle of milk, and gave him drink, and covered him. Again he said unto her, Stand in the door of the tent; and it shall be, when any man doth come and inquire of thee, and say, Is there any man here? that thou shalt say, No.'

"'Then Jael, Heber' wife, took a nail of the tent, and took an hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground: for he was fast asleep and weary; so he died.'"

"What a powerful family," said Mrs. Richardson, "this of the Kenites must have been, to be thus recognized by a great king; for the verses you have just read say, 'that there was peace between Jabin, king of Hazor and the house of Heber, the Kenite.' Do you think there was a treaty between the two?"

"No," said Mrs. Fraser, "but merely that while the Kenites sympathized, no doubt,

strongly with Israel, yet they took no part in the conflict. They were, in other words, neutrals in the war then raging."

"Did they use nails in putting up their tents, mother?" said Donald.

"This nail," replied his mother, "was one of the wooden pins with which the tent was fastened, and as she drove it into his temples, it pinned him to the ground. It was a most daring act, and showed a woman of great nerve. Sisera was a mighty warrior, and was, no doubt, fully armed. Should she miss her blow, and he awake, how soon would she pay the penalty of her hazardous attempt!"

"I did not think of that," said Donald, who had a keen eye for everything that was daring.

"And now, Donald," said Mrs. Fraser, "you may read what the triumphal song of Deborah and Barak says of Jael in the fifth chapter."

Donald read verses 24–27:

"'Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked wa-

ter, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish. She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead.'"

"This blessing of Jael's," said Donald, "is just like the one pronounced on Mary, the mother of our Lord, 'Blessed above women shall Jael, the wife of Heber, be.'"

"There is one important distinction, my son, that you have overlooked. 'Blessed shall she be above women *in the tent.*' Of all women leading this migratory or tent life, she was to be the most blessed. In the blessing on Mary, the mother of Jesus, there is no such restriction."

"But, mother, after all, do you think this act of Jael's was right?"

"Great and good men," said Mrs. Fraser have held different opinions on this subject.

We have not time to consider them all. But I will give you the view of an eminent scholar, who takes a medium ground between the two extremes. Of her conduct he says, 'We know not how to account for it, unless she had been prompted by a suggestion from above; and this inference would seem to be confirmed both by the fact, that it had been expressly predicted that Sisera should be delivered into the hands of a woman, and by the eulogium of Deborah. If this were the case, she is sufficiently vindicated by the fact; for God has a right to dispose of the lives of his creatures, as he pleases; and probably the cup of Sisera's iniquity was full, and his life already forfeited to divine justice. Yet as the case was wholly extraordinary, it can never be established as a precedent for others.'"

"What is the next mention of the Kenites?" said Donald, after a pause.

"In 1 Samuel xv. 5, 6; please read them."

Donald read: "'And Saul came to a city of Amalek, and laid wait in the valley. And Saul said unto the Kenites, Go, depart, get

you down from among the Amalekites, lest I destroy you with them; for ye showed kindness to all the children of Israel, when they came up out of Egypt. So the Kenites departed from among the Amalekites.'"

"But mark the terrible contrast in this chapter," said Mrs. Richardson. "Saul is commanded to 'go and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not.' And all this, because God says, 'I remember that which Amalek did to Israel, how he laid wait for him in the way, when he came up from Egypt.' While the Kenites are spared, because they 'showed kindness to all the children of Israel, when they came up out of Egypt.' How clearly this shows that God will 'visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate him,' as well as that he will 'show mercy unto thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments.'"

"But, mother, how came the Kenites to be with the enemies of Israel?"

"They dwelt in tents, and were a migratory people; they went wherever they found the best pasture for their numerous flocks.

"In this case we see, once more, God's care over this remarkable people. He will not permit Saul to punish even the enemies of Israel, until the Kenites are out of the way, thus fulfilling the promise to Hobab, 'Come with us and we will do you good.'"

"The next mention of the Kenites you will find in 1 Samuel xxvii. 10."

Donald read the verse: "'And Achish said, Whither have ye made a road to-day? And David said, Against the south of Judah, and against the south of the Jerahmeelites, and against the south of the *Kenites*.'"

"But if they were friends of Israel, why did David attack them?" inquired Donald.

"He did not," his mother answered. "He attacked none of the parties he names here. The eighth verse tells exactly upon whom he *did* make his raid."

"Then he must have told a falsehood," said the eager Donald.

"He certainly did," said Mrs. Richardson, "and in aggravated circumstances too, because it was to one who was his protector."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Fraser, "it was in allusion to this, when, in his penitence, David prays, 'Remove from me the way of lying.'

"The only other reference we have time for to-day is in 1 Samuel xxx. 26, 29."

Donald read the verses: "'And when David came to Ziklag, he sent of the spoil unto the elders of Judah, ... and to them which were in the cities of the Kenites.'"

"This shows," said Mrs. Fraser, "what kindly feelings existed between David and the Kenites. Their importance is also indicated by their being classed with the elders of Judah; and the fact that they seem to have occupied several cities. But here we must close for this afternoon, as it is getting late."

"What an interesting history it is!" said Donald.

"It is so," Mrs. Richardson said, "and I am certainly obliged to you for allowing me to study it with you."

"The obligation is all the other way," said Mrs. Fraser; "we are not only indebted to you for the use of your room, but also for your help in considering the various passages."

VII.

DONALD soon became a great favorite among the sailors. They always answered his inquiries pleasantly, and some of them took special pains to explain to him many things about the ship.

There was one in particular, — a young Scotch sailor, whose name was Alexander McNab, but who was commonly called little Sandy, — that showed much partiality to Donald.

One morning, near the close of the second week on ship-board, as Mrs. Fraser was sitting on deck, gazing at the smooth sea, for it was almost a calm, and the bright heavens over her, which were without a cloud, Donald came running up in great excitement, exclaiming,

"O mother, little Sandy had a dreadful fall last night, and his leg is out of joint."

Mrs. Fraser was much pained by this announcement, for Sandy was beloved by all. She went at once to the forecastle, and Donald went with her. Here they found the poor sailor in his hammock, perfectly helpless, though not suffering a great deal of pain.

Mrs. Fraser did various little things for him, such as only a kind-hearted, motherly woman can do, and for which he was very grateful. As she was turning to leave him, Donald asked her, in a whisper, whether he might not stop and read something to Sandy out of his little Bible, which was in his pocket. His mother willingly consented.

As soon as she was gone Donald took out his Bible, and asked his suffering friend if he might read from it. He did not look much delighted with the proposal, but could not find it in his heart to refuse the boy, and so he said he might.

Donald chose the 55th chapter of Isaiah. As he read it slowly and distinctly, the sailor's

attention was arrested, and he listened with great interest. When the chapter was finished Donald paused for a little. He was much surprised to see Sandy in tears. When these brought relief to his burdened heart, as they always do, he said, in a low but distinct voice, "That chapter I have neither read nor heard since I have been at sea, but it was the chapter read to me by my mother the night before I left home three years ago."

"Is your mother still living?" asked Donald.

"Yes, she was the last time I heard from her. But that last night, — how well I remember it. I have not seen my mother since. How lovingly she looked at me, — how earnestly she plead with me, that if I must go to sea, I would go in the fear of God. How fervently she prayed for me and with me, that my heavenly Father might keep me from evil, that the Saviour might make me his own. But I have thought little of these things since. I have left my Bible unopened in the bottom of my chest. I have neglected prayer, and I

have profaned the Sabbath day." Here a flood of tears again relieved him, after which he said, in a half whisper, "Donald, will you pray with me?"

Donald was a mere boy, — an intelligent boy it is true, — yet but a boy, and such a request had never been made to him before. He loved to pray in his own little room, yet he had never even prayed aloud. But he could not refuse. He was alone with the suffering sailor and God. So he knelt by the side of the hammock, and poured out his soul to his heavenly Father for his young friend. Sandy sobbed frequently during the prayer, and at its close uttered a fervent Amen.

As soon as he recovered himself a little, he said, —

"Oh, how distinctly I remember that last night at home. I can see mother's streaming eyes, as she plead with me. I had been a thoughtless boy and had given her many anxious hours by my heedlessness. But she never failed to pray for me, nor to expostulate with me; nor did she seem ever to doubt for a mo-

ment that the Lord would yet have mercy on my soul. The little children were that night left with my older sister, while my mother took me into her own room. She opened a drawer and took out of it a neat pocket Bible, with my name, in connection with hers, written in it. She read that chapter to me, which you have just read, and then prayed. And such a prayer! It seemed as if she would take no refusal from God, but must and would have my salvation. I remained almost unmoved, for I had steeled myself against any impression. I had anticipated some such scene, and had determined not to be affected by it.

"She saw I was resolved to go to sea, so she interposed no further objection to my doing so, but she tried to induce me to seek the Lord. She urged me to read God's word daily, and to pray. But my heart was full of the sea, and although I was really not a little melted by my mother's love, yet I strove to conceal this from her. I maintained an obstinate silence under all her importunity.

"The next morning I left very early; but

she was up to give me my breakfast. Oh, how she wept as we parted! I wept, too; I could not help it, as she kissed me good-by. Her last words were, 'Sandy, remember your soul.'

"I have sadly neglected this parting charge. Oh how little have I thought about that which can never die; and yet I have no doubt that those prayers of hers, then and since (for I know she is praying for me every day), have often restrained me from open or desperate sin. Though I have not followed her admonitions, yet her words of warning have never failed to ring in my ears in times of special temptation."

Sandy paused for a few moments, and then resumed. "Donald, I desire to lead a different life. You must show me what I must do to be saved. That little Bible she gave me is now in the bottom of my chest. You will find the key in my trousers; will you open the chest and get it for me?"

Donald found the Bible without any difficulty, and gave it to Sandy. It was a very

neat one with good print. Among the fly-leaves in front was found a loving note from his mother, which had hitherto remained unopened. Strange to say, it contained just the advice needed by an inquirer like Sandy. In what a different spirit it was read from the letters Sandy had received before! And when read, it was carefully placed under his pillow for re-reading at some other time.

Donald left Sandy with his Bible. This book became his constant companion during his confinement to the hammock.

Both Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. Richardson visited him frequently. They never failed to talk with him on religious subjects, but to Donald he could open his mind more fully than to any one else, perhaps because he was nearer his own age.

The Spirit of the Lord moved upon his heart. He saw that he was a great sinner, but he saw also that Jesus was a great Saviour. The truth was daily opening up to him. He solemnly gave himself to the Lord. God was answering the persevering prayer of

his pious mother. She had sown in tears; now, though she knew it not, she was about to reap in joy. The Lord's promise was made good: "The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee."

Nor was he ashamed of the Master whom he determined to serve. When his fellow-sailors tried to jeer him out of prayer and reading of the Bible, he only prayed for them and tried to do them some kind service. Finding they could produce no effect on him by their persecution, they concluded to give it up. Nor was his Christian example without influence upon his comrades. They soon became averse to swearing before him, and those who had had a religious training like himself, before the voyage was over, sometimes joined him in his religious exercises. Mrs. Fraser did not fail to point out to Donald how faithful God had been to his word in answering his mother's prayers on Sandy's behalf.

One of the first things that he did on his

partial recovery was to write a long letter to his mother, detailing all that the Lord had done for his soul.

Sandy was fond of reading, and he often borrowed Donald's Josephus. In fact they might be said to have read it together.

In the bows of the ship there was a little seat, out of the way alike of passengers and sailors, where, when Sandy's leg began to mend, so that he could move round on a crutch, these two lads were always to be found. First the one read aloud and then the other, while they examined together the curious old pictures with which the volume was illustrated. This great folio proved a perfect treasury of good things to these two young people, — a source of pleasure and profit to both.

VIII.

CAPTAIN JOHNSON'S STORY.

ONE day, as Donald was standing on deck with his mother and Mrs. Richardson, he heard the mate, who was near by with his telescope, exclaim, "A ship in the distance, and she is making signals of distress." The helmsman was directed to bear down upon her; and, as there was a stiff breeze blowing at the time, they were not long in nearing her. As she became more and more distinct, every eye was strained to see the suffering vessel.

When within hailing distance, the captain called out to the stranger craft to know her name, and what was the cause of her distress. The reply came promptly. She was the "William Tell," from Liverpool, and bound for

Halifax; that they were out of provisions and water, and that the ship was disabled.

The afternoon was spent in removing the passengers from her. A portion of the crew, on being supplied with ample provision, agreed to remain with the ship, to take her to her destination, — Halifax.

A more starved-looking, hungry set of men never were seen than those rescued passengers, with their sunken cheeks and languid eyes. They were immediately supplied, by the captain of the "William Wallace," with all the food it would be safe to give them in their present condition.

The captain, who had been quite ill during the voyage, was urged to embark in the "William Wallace," while his mate remained with the unfortunate ship. Mrs. Richardson was much surprised to find that he was an old friend. And of course they were very glad to meet so unexpectedly in mid-ocean.

Before dark, everything being arranged, the two ships parted company, and were soon out of sight of each other.

In the evening, Mrs. Richardson invited Mrs. Fraser and Donald, and also Sandy, who was now able to walk with the assistance of a crutch, to meet Captain Johnson, of the "William Tell," in her cabin, and to hear the story of his adventures.

The captain was a genial man and loved to spin a story; but we will condense his narrative.

The "William Tell" sailed from Liverpool for Halifax, with fifty passengers, and the usual crew. The weather, during the early part of the voyage, was extremely tempestuous, and the winds so contrary, that, at the end of four weeks, they were not five hundred miles on their course. This was extremely discouraging; but, the wind shifting into a favorable direction, they took heart, and were in hopes now of reaching their destination in a reasonable time.

But, alas! how liable human expectations are to disappointment; for, in less than a week, a violent storm arose, which so strained the vessel that she sprang a-leak. In the violence of the waves, one night the compass

was washed overboard. They were now on a pathless ocean, with nothing to guide them but the sun and the stars, and these, owing to the stormy weather, were most of the time hidden from view. Added to these various troubles, it was soon found that they were almost out of provisions. They had not expected a voyage of more than six weeks, and the ship was provisioned accordingly. But in their cargo, happily, was a large shipment of crackers, sent out as an experiment by a famous baker. Each person was allowed six crackers per day; but, as the supply became rapidly reduced at this rate of expenditure, the number was cut down to four. Passengers alternated with the sailors in working the pumps. All bore their share of labor and of privation with great patience. The women, as usual, by their cheerfulness in the darkest hours, did much to encourage the toiling men. All behaved with marked propriety; and, although outwardly there was the appearance of much vivacity, in fact it was a time of solemn earnestness.

There was one person on board (a minister of the gospel), who, by his cheery words and radiant countenance, especially contributed to keep their spirits up. He had a pleasant word for every one in trouble, and no circumstance could discourage him. He said he was sure that the Lord, who had put in their ship this cargo of crackers to preserve their lives, would not allow them to perish.

As day by day the stock grew smaller, he only prayed the more fervently, and declared the hour of deliverance nearer at hand. The rain that fell on the ship was most carefully gathered, for they were out of water as well as food.

"I had with me," said the captain, — for we cannot do better now than use his own words, — "a very dear little boy, — an orphan, — who had been confided to me about two years since by his mother. He had no relatives that cared for him; and he always went with me on my voyages. He was greatly attached to me, and I was equally so to him. His mother was a godly woman, and had carefully in-

structed him in the fear of the Lord. He was the most devout little Christian that I ever met. Though but ten years old, he was more familiar with the Bible than most youths at fifteen. He was extremely fond of sacred poetry; and had his memory stored with some of its choicest gems. He took a fever just as we left England, and was sick during the voyage; though for the first few weeks he was able to be up most of the time.

"When our provisions began to get low and we had no compass, when every one was depressed excepting the good minister, this dear little boy bore up manfully. One morning he said to me, 'Uncle,' for this was what he always called me, 'don't be so uneasy about the ship and your passengers; the same Lord that preserved us a few weeks since in the storm is able now to preserve us from famine.'

"The comforting words of the little boy cheered me greatly, and I determined to exercise more faith. I had laid away some provision for him suited to his enfeebled condition, but our period of suffering was much

longer than I anticipated, and some time since this food had been entirely consumed, so he had to subsist on crackers with the others.

"But it was plainly evident that he was dying, and no doubt the distressing circumstances that we were in did much to hasten his end. Day by day he declined, and oh! how sad I felt to see him thus fading away. He saw how greatly I was distressed, and did all he could to comfort me.

"Sitting on my lap one day, he looked up lovingly into my face and said, 'My Jesus will take me from your lap soon.'

"'Are you wearying to leave me?' I said.

"'No,' was his reply, 'for I love you dearly, but I love Christ far better.'

"'Are you not afraid to die?'

"'No, for Jesus will take me to himself. He knows that I am his.'

"'I am sorry I have nothing better for you to eat,' I said on one occasion when I brought him his dinner of crackers.

'I will hunger no more, neither thirst any more, soon,' he replied, promptly.

"It seemed just as if he was going on an earthly journey, so calmly and even joyfully did he speak of the great change that awaited him.

"While talking together about heaven, on the day he died, I said to him, 'Whom do you think you will see first there?'

"'It will be either my dear mother or the Lord Jesus. I will ask Jesus to let me sit at his feet.'

"Seeing me look so troubled, he said, 'Dearest uncle, do not grieve so, or you will be ill too. It will not be long till we meet again, never to part.'

"He lay very still for a while; then in a clear, distinct voice, he repeated two verses of his favorite hymn:—

"'Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

"'Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.'"

"As he finished he sank back on his pillow exhausted, drew one long breath, and was gone to his eternal rest.

"It would pain you unnecessarily to tell the whole story of our sufferings. But to sum all up, I will only say that finally the last cracker was dealt out, and starvation stared us in the face. But deliverance was nearer than any of us supposed. The good man's word came true, for the Lord proved a present help in time of trouble. It was the gladdest sight I ever saw, the sight of your sails as I descried them through the glass in the distance. Feeble as most were, it was a wonderful shout that rent the heavens from the deck of our ship as the fact was announced.

"The man of God, as he saw your good

ship bearing down upon us, said, 'Come, let us give the Lord thanks.' Passengers and sailors, women and children, old and young, gathered together on the deck. He offered a most wonderful prayer of gratitude and praise to our heavenly Father, in which all fervently joined, the whole assembly with one voice responding, 'Amen,' at its close.

"'Now, my friends,' said he, 'let us sing to the tune of Old Hundred, the long metre doxology: —

"'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'

"Such singing (feeble as many were), I never heard before.

"Truly, it was a solemn and a blessed time. I shall never forget it."

As the captain finished his narrative, there were no dry eyes in his audience.

IX.

MORE ABOUT THE KENITE.

THE next Sabbath afternoon the company assembled in Mrs. Richardson's room was a larger one than before, for it included both Captain Johnson and Sandy.

Mrs. Fraser felt somewhat averse to resume the story of the Kenite before the captain, but he insisted that she should, and was seconded therein by Mrs. Richardson.

"What is the next mention of the Kenite?" said Donald, when, with his little Bible in his hand, he was seated on a low bench at his mother's feet.

"The next mention," said Mrs. Fraser, "you will find in 2 Kings x. 15. Jehu, a bloody man,—for his cruelties, though in fulfilment of

the Lord's denunciations of the house of Ahab, were none the less cruelties,—while in full pursuit of his bloody work, came suddenly on Jehonadab, the son of Rechab. With much sagacity at once he determined to make this venerable man, the head of the Kenites, his friend and ally."

"But," said Donald, "how do you know that he belonged to the Kenites? It does not say so here."

"You will find the answer to your question in 1 Chron. ii. 55."

Donald read: "'And the families of the scribes which dwelt at Jabez; the Tirathites, the Shimeathites, and Suchathites. These are the Kenites that came of Hemath, the father of the house of Rechab.'"

Mrs. Fraser, taking up a little volume from the table, said: "An excellent writer thus speaks of Jehonadab: 'A simple tent, over which the branches of the terebinthine tree extend themselves, rises up before us; a little flock grazes quietly and peacefully in its vicinity. We approach the unassuming tent, and are met by the venerable old man, with

silvery locks and simple pastoral attire,—Jehonadab, the chief of the Rechabites. Here he dwells, far from the bustle of the world, happy in God and his love. The aged Jehonadab had just cheerfully stepped forth from his pastoral dwelling, boding nothing ill, when a chariot rolled rapidly to it, in which a man in martial attire rose up, who immediately made himself known as the newly elected king, as Jehu, the divine scourge. . . . . Jehu requests his silver-haired friend to seat himself by him in his chariot. "Come with me," he says, "and see my zeal for the Lord." . . . . Jehonadab accedes to the king's proposition. The two are now hastening to Samaria, to a fresh scene of bloodshed. Jehonadab will only be a spectator of it; the sword-bearer is Jehu.' All this shows the importance of the Kenite family, and while Jehonadab could not approve of the spirit of Jehu, he could not object to the destruction of Baal, and the rooting up of idolatry. The worship of this false god could not be any more offensive to the Israelites than it was to the Kenites.

"The next we hear of the Kenites, or as they are henceforth called the Rechabites, is in Jeremiah xxxv. 2, and other verses in that chapter."

Donald read from the beginning of the chapter: "'The word which came unto Jeremiah from the Lord in the days of Jehoiakim the son of Josiah king of Judah, saying, Go unto the house of the Rechabites, and speak unto them, and bring them into the house of the Lord, into one of the chambers, and give them wine to drink. Then I took Jaazaniah the son of Jeremiah, the son of Habaziniah, and his brethren, and all his sons, and the whole house of the Rechabites; And I brought them into the house of the Lord, into the chamber of the sons of Hanan. . . . . And I set before the sons of the house of the Rechabites pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, Drink ye wine. But they said, We will drink no wine: for Jonadab the son of Rechab our father commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever: Neither shall ye build house,

nor sow seed, nor plant vineyard, nor have any; but all your days ye shall dwell in tents. . . . . Thus have we obeyed the voice of Jonadab the son of Rechab our father. . . . . And Jeremiah said unto the house of the Rechabites, Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according unto all that he hath commanded you; Therefore thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel; Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me forever.'"

"They were good teetotalers," said Captain Johnson, "and stood fast by their colors, under severe temptation. But what do you suppose was the object of Jonadab in making this perpetual and invariable command?"

"They were Bedouins," said Mrs. Fraser, "a wandering tribe. The name of one of their chief ancestors, and from which their title is derived, Rechab, means *Rider*, and Jonadab no doubt dreaded the influence of

cities, should they build houses, and of luxury and of excess, should they drink wine. These practices, he feared, would break up their temperate, simple habits, and lead to ruin."

"Oh that men would more generally follow the habit of these Rechabites," said Mrs. Richardson, "especially in the matter of wine; for how many thousands wine and strong drink are leading every year to drunkards' graves."

"And if you take the Bible examples," said Mrs. Fraser, "how much they testify on the side of abstinence. The Israelites, God's favored people, during all the forty years they were in the wilderness drank neither wine nor strong drink. Samson drank no wine, neither did Samuel the prophet, nor Daniel the prince. John the Baptist drank none, and Timothy must have been a teetotaler, or else Paul needed not to have recommended him to take a little wine for his stomach's sake.

"The Lord commanded Aaron, saying, 'Do not drink wine nor strong drink, thou nor thy

sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die.'

"Solomon says: 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging.' And again he says, 'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? . . . They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'

"Isaiah says: 'But they also (the Ephraimites) have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.'

"And again: 'Woe unto them that rise early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink.'

"Habakkuk says: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

"These scriptural quotations might be greatly multiplied, but it is not necessary."

"You have made out a capital case for abstinence," said the captain, "without including what is perhaps stronger than all, the apostle Paul's doctrine of Christian expediency. While intemperance continues as it is, to be the parent of all crime, I see not how any Christian man can help enrolling himself among those who touch not, taste not, handle not that which intoxicates."

"But," interposed Donald, who had been, as he thought, a long time quiet, "do you know anything about the after history of these Rechabites, as to how the promise in this blessing of Jeremiah was fulfilled that 'Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me forever?'"

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Richardson, "that this promise implies some connection with the temple service on the part of these sons of Rechab."

"The succeeding allusions to the Rechabites in God's word, of which there are two,"

said Mrs. Fraser, "render this supposition not impossible. In 1 Chronicles ii. 55, they seem reckoned in that genealogy not only with Israel but even among the scribes or copyists and expounders of the law. 'And the families of the scribes which dwelt at Jabez; the Tirathites, the Shimeathites, and Suchathites. These are the Kenites that came of Hemath, the father of the house of Rechab.' And in Nehemiah iii. 14, they are represented as laboring with the Jews in the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem. 'But the dung-gate repaired Malchiah the son of Rechab, the ruler of part of Beth-haccerem; he built it, and set up the doors thereof, the locks thereof, and the bars thereof.'"

"As there is no more in the Bible about the Rechabites, what does other history say about them, or does it say anything?" asked Donald.

Mrs. Richardson, while Mrs. Fraser had been speaking, was engaged in looking over a Bible dictionary, from which she now read under the head of Rechabites: "'The account

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of the martyrdom of James the Just, given by Hegiseppus in Eusebius, brings the name of the Rechabites once more before us in a very strange connection. While the Scribes and Pharisees were stoning him, "One of the priests of the sons of Rechab, who are mentioned by Jeremiah the prophet, cried out protesting against the crime.'"

"If this statement is to be relied on," said Mrs. Fraser, "it would seem that the descendants of this remarkable man were in some way connected with the temple service."

"I find another reference to them here," said Mrs. Richardson. She then read, "'Benjamin of Tudela in the 12th century mentions that near El Jubar he found Jews who were named Rechabites. They tilled the ground, kept flocks and herds, and abstained from wine. They were one hundred thousand in number, and were governed by a prince.'"

"In 'Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations,'" continued Mrs. Richardson, "I find the following: 'Niebuhr says that the highlands of Hedjaz are possessed by a number of indepen-

dent, sovereign sheikhs. The most remarkable, and least known of these communities, was one which had been formed by Jews in the mountains north-east of Medina. It did not appear that these Jews kept up any intercourse with their brethren dispersed over Asia. "When I asked the Jews in Syria concerning them," says Niebuhr, "they told me that those false brethren durst not claim their fellowship, for that *they did not observe the law.*" This is certainly in favor of their claim to be Rechabites."

"Well, as a curious coincidence," said the captain, "I may mention, that this morning, as I was reading in one of Mrs. Richardson's books, I found an allusion to this very people. The volume was by Dr. Krummacher. Shall I read the passage?"

They all gladly consented, and the captain read: "'Not long since a missionary (Dr. Wolf) is said to have found them (the Rechabites) in the heart of Asia, and has given the following account of the circumstance: "One day he was met in the depths of a distant wil-

derness by a splendidly attired horseman, arrayed and armed after the Arabian manner, of martial bearing, who, on the missionary inquiring who he was, hastily and haughtily replied, 'A son of Rechab.' The missionary on this presented him with an Arabic Bible, printed parallel with the Hebrew text. On this the son of the desert turned to the prophecy of Jeremiah, and read in Hebrew the 35th chapter, which treated of his order. Being farther interrogated by the stranger, as to his abode, and if there were many of his tribe, he invited him to visit them in their tents, which were near at hand, and to bring with him as many Bibles as he could spare. He then turned his horse about, gave him the spurs, and disappeared in the pathless desert. The missionary followed the direction, which the son of Rechab had taken, and met, not far from Mecca, with the tribe which had been indicated to him. He found them dwelling in tents, as of old, and spread over three fruitful and verdant districts. Their number amounted to several thousand. They strictly adhered to

Jonadab's rule, and to their forefather's manner of life. They built no houses, drank no wine, professed to belong, as far as they understood it, to the Jewish persuasion, and possessed a large portion of the Old Testament as the standard of their faith. They fought for their laws against Mahomet; and although conquered were not subdued. The other Asiatic Jews think highly of them, and believe that whenever they return to the promised land, the Rechabites will act an important part, and join them as valiant confederates."'"

Mrs. Fraser had gone over the first part of the story of the Kenite in a succinct manner, with the captain and Mrs. Richardson, before commencing the regular exercise of the afternoon, the substance of which we have just related. So now, at its close, they spent some time in talking over the wonderful narrative. The incidental lessons they drew from it were the great advantage of total abstinence from everything that intoxicates; and the blessing that follows upon a strict and persistent obedience to the fifth commandment,—

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"But no doubt the chief lesson it was meant to teach," said Mrs. Fraser, "was God's faithfulness to his promise, — how it was kept to the very letter to Hobab and his descendants; and the other scarcely less important one, that these blessings all flowed to the Kenites from their attaching themselves to the people of God."

X.

THE NEW WORLD.

SOME rough weather now followed, and at one time the storm grew so violent, that for several days the hatches were fastened down, and no one allowed to go on deck. But as the wind, though violent, was in the right direction, it only sped them the faster on their voyage.

Those days of imprisonment were dreary, and when the sea calmed, and the sun came out, all were wonderfully delighted to be again on deck. In just seven weeks from the day they left Greenock, the passengers in the good ship "William Wallace" got the first sight of land in the new world to which they were bound.

As Mrs. Fraser's eye scanned the Highlands

of the lower bay of New York, how strange and lively were her feelings! And when the ship got farther up, and she saw the pretty white houses on Staten Island and the Jersey shore, her heart reverted to the little white-washed cottage on the banks of the Tweed, where she had spent so many happy days.

Donald's curiosity was unbounded, and as Sandy had been several times here before, he was able to tell him the names of all the places of interest as they approached the city.

A great cleaning operation had been going on, for several days, all through the ship; and now she was as neat as a pin, with flags flying, and all her rigging in holiday attire.

At last she cast anchor. The cabin passengers were here transferred with their baggage to a little steamer, and conveyed to the city. Mrs. Richardson was much affected in parting with Mrs. Fraser and Donald. She gave them her son's address in St. Louis, and said she hoped Mrs. Fraser would write to her, when she settled in New York. Captain Johnson went with the cabin passengers. Donald was

very sorry to part with him, for he was an exceedingly entertaining man, and had spent many hours in telling him and his mother the story of his adventures by sea and land.

A larger steamboat conveyed the steerage passengers and their baggage.

At the dock they were besieged by a horde of land sharks, for it was before the blessings of Castle Garden and its safeguards were thrown around the unprotected emigrant. Leaving her baggage on the pier, Mrs. Fraser pushed her way with Donald by the hand, through the crowd of these demons in human form. Wearied in body and sad at heart, she sat down on the wooden steps of a large stone house, which was for the time closed, and burst into tears. Donald stood quietly by her side till her grief had full vent; and then tried to comfort and soothe her. Suddenly a cheery voice was heard. "O Mrs. Fraser, is that you? I have been looking everywhere for you." It was Sandy, who, with radiant countenance and heart overflowing with good-will, stood before them.

Seeing Mrs. Fraser not inclined to speak, he went on. "Where are you going, ma'am, in this great city? The day is wearing away so rapidly, you must not sit any longer here."

Mrs. Fraser said she did not know where to go, but supposed the best thing to do would be to call at the office of Light & Tasker, 46 South street, and inquire the whereabouts of the "Eagle Wing" and her brother Niel.

"Well," says Sandy, "I have a holiday this afternoon, and I will go with you. Only I must first put your luggage under the care of Geordie Scott, a comrade of mine, who will see that nobody disturbs it while we are gone."

This being all arranged to Sandy's satisfaction, he led the way through a labyrinth of streets, till they stood in front of the office of Light & Tasker, shipping merchants. They went up a rather rough-looking pair of stairs, into a large, low office, the chief ornaments of which consisted in wooden models of ships and lithographic pictures of the same. The book-keeper, Mr. Robertson, was very polite to them, and said the "Eagle Wing" was ex-

pected back in about four or five weeks. He also stated that Mrs. Fraser's brother Niel had said that they could get respectable and reasonable accommodations at No. 14 Hester street, and that Niel had left with him fifty dollars, which he had requested him to hand to her on her arrival, and which he now did.

Sandy again volunteered his services to find 14 Hester street. They were pleased with the nature of the accommodations, though their two little rooms contrasted very unfavorably with the pretty little cottage and garden that they had left in their native land. The rent was to be ten dollars a month. Sandy got a dray, and had all their baggage and goods of every kind transferred to their new home before nine o'clock that night.

At Mrs. Fraser's earnest request, Sandy stayed all night with them, and slept with Donald; but, before the others were up the next morning, he was dressed and away to the ship.

Everything seemed so strange to Mrs. Fraser: the money, the measures, the mode of

living, and many other things. For a while she seemed bewildered, but, woman-like, she rose above her difficulties, and adapted herself to the new circumstances in which she was placed.

Her first business, after getting settled, was to find a school for Donald. This she had no difficulty in doing, in the excellent public schools of New York.

Within a quarter of a mile of their residence was a school of this kind, where both tuition and books were free, and where the opportunities of acquiring a good and substantial education were all that could be desired. Donald was in fine health, and so he could give all his energies to his studies, and he soon was at the head of his class. He had some words that now and then puzzled his teacher, but he was generously treated, and never put down for his accent, which was broad Scotch, nor for the occasional use of a word that was not usual in the school.

He became a great favorite with both teachers and scholars ere he had been many weeks in attendance.

The next thing was to find a church, which she could attend on the Sabbath, of the same denomination as the one to which she belonged in Scotland. She delighted in the courts of the Lord, and, though she felt herself now among strangers, she knew that many of the people by whom she was surrounded were not unknown to the Lord, but were servants of the same Master as herself.

She soon found one, and at once cast in her lot with the people of God.

Being of a retiring disposition, she made no acquaintances in the church; but her place and that of her son were always occupied on the Sabbath day. The hours spent there were to her the happiest of all the week.

Her next effort was to find employment; for she could neither afford nor endure to be idle. This she found much more difficult than she expected. She wished to procure needle-work; but, being unknown both to families and stores, it was with great difficulty, and not till she met with many rebuffs, that she found anything at all to do.

About two weeks after they were settled in their new abode, they had a visit from Sandy. He came to bid them good-by, as the ship was about to sail again for Greenock. They had a very affecting visit. Sandy had fully given himself to the Lord; his desire was now to live to his glory and for the increase of his kingdom on the earth.

Mrs. Fraser, knowing the temptations that lay in his way, cautioned him to watchfulness and prayer. She read God's word, and prayed with him; and they all wept together at parting. Mrs. Fraser sent a little pincushion of an odd pattern, her own handiwork, as a present to his mother.

With many assurances that they would remember each other at the mercy-seat, and with the promise, on Sandy's part, that he would find them out immediately on his return to New York, they parted.

XI.

THE PATRIARCH'S BLESSING.

MOTHER, said Donald, one Sabbath evening, not long after their settlement in their American home, "I wish we could have some more Bible-talks, like those about the Kenite, which we used to have in Scotland and on the ship."

"My dear boy, the Bible is full of such interesting narratives, and we can hardly go amiss in our selection."

"Well, then, let us have one to-night. Where shall we begin?"

"I think," said Mrs. Fraser, "it would be interesting and profitable to us both to study the blessing of Jacob, and that of Moses on the twelve tribes of Israel, and see what we can find in their after history that fulfils

the predictions of these eminent servants of God.

"The blessing of Jacob you will find in the 49th chapter of Genesis, and that of Moses in the 33d chapter of Deuteronomy."

Donald read the 3d and 4th verses of the former chapter:

"'Reuben, thou art my first-born, my might, and the beginning of my strength, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power: Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel; because thou wentest up to thy father's bed; then defiledst thou it: he went up to my couch.'"

And from the latter chapter the 6th verse.

"'Let Reuben live and not die; and let not his men be few.'"

"Jacob here tells us," said Mrs. Fraser, "first, what pertained to Reuben, as his first-born son. These blessings, however, were given to others. One of the privileges of an eldest son was to have a double portion of the inheritance. This you will see, by Genesis xlviii. 5, was given to Joseph; because there we learn

that each of Joseph's two sons was to have a share equal to Jacob's own son, thus making Joseph's double. Another privilege was to be head or leader. This was taken from him and given to Judah. (Gen. xlix. 10.)"

"But, mother, what does unstable as water mean?"

"It evidently refers to lack of firmness, to feebleness of character. And this we see illustrated in his history. It is apparent in his connection with the treatment of Joseph. He seems to have been tender-hearted and easily affected; so when it is proposed to kill Joseph, he protests against it. He has him put in a pit, intending afterwards to deliver him to his father. Yet, when Joseph is sold into Egypt, instead of exposing the story about the bloody coat, he joins the rest in deceiving his father. An exposure of their guilt might have led to Joseph's deliverance; concealment of it made him a full party to it. Again, in Genesis xliii. 22, when the brethren are all in trouble, Reuben, instead of manfully acknowledging their common

guilt, tries to throw the blame solely on his brethren, while he excuses himself. In the 37th verse of the same chapter, instead of promising to bear the blame personally, as Judah does, should anything befall Benjamin while down in Egypt, he says to his father, 'Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee;' just as if it could be any consolation or comfort to Jacob to kill his grandchildren, which were perhaps almost as dear to him as his children.

"We do not read that any of Reuben's descendants became famous, excepting Dathan and Abiram, and they only for their wickedness, and the fearful and speedy punishment that befell them."

"But what does Moses' blessing mean?"

"It seems like a prayer for the protection of Reuben. He was on the other side of Jordan from the most of the tribes, and therefore more exposed to the ravages of the enemy than the others."

"But what is the meaning of the words, 'Let not his men be few,'" said Donald.

"We shall, perhaps, see some possible explanation when we go on to the others. Will you read what Jacob says of Simeon and Levi, for they are put together?"

Donald read: "'Simeon and Levi are brethren; instruments of cruelty are in their habitations. Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united; for in their anger they slew a man, and in their self-will they digged down a wall. Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel: I will divide them in Jacob and scatter them in Israel.'"

"But, mother," said Donald, eagerly, "I don't see how this was fulfilled, — at least in the case of one of these tribes, for Levi was given a noble place, being the tribe of the priesthood, and of those specially engaged in the service of God. To be thus exalted does not seem much like a curse, — does it?"

"And yet it was literally fulfilled," said his mother. "They were scattered. The tribe of Levi had no inheritance among the other tribes, but was supported by the others, and

scattered among them. The sentence of Levi was not reversed,—it was only turned into a blessing. Many suppose, because he was younger than Simeon, that the latter was the leader and the most guilty of the two. We have also reason to believe that Levi truly repented of his sin in the matter of the massacre of the Shechemites. Then great zeal for the Lord is seen in their conduct, as a tribe, in Exodus xxxii. 28.

"You will see that Moses invokes a great blessing on this tribe." Donald read the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th verses of the 33d chapter of Deuteronomy.

"You must remember that Moses was himself of the tribe of Levi, and it was not surprising that he should wish it well.

"The Thummim and Urim was to be with his holy one, that is, the high-priest, which was to be always of this tribe. In the matter of the golden calf, 'he knew not his own brethren,' but slew all the guilty, without distinction. As the tribe of the priesthood, it would be part of their business to teach, 'Ja-

cob God's judgments and Israel God's law,' as well as to 'put incense before the Lord, and whole burnt sacrifice on his altar.' How emphatic is the closing blessing of Moses on this tribe! 'Bless, Lord, his substance, and accept the work of his hands; smite through the loins of them that rise up against him, and of them that hate him, that they rise not again.'

"They gave up much, for the service of the Lord, as Christian ministers generally do now; but Moses prays that they may be abundantly rewarded for this sacrifice, as even ministers and missionaries often are in the present day."

"I would like to be a minister," said Donald.

"I hope it may be the Lord's will that you labor in the work of the ministry, my son; it is the noblest work on earth,—one angels might gladly share.

"But to return to Levi. We find in the last book of the Old Testament an evidence of his faithfulness to the Lord (Malachi ii. 4): 'And ye shall know that I have sent this commandment unto you, that my covenant might be with Levi, saith the Lord of hosts. My cove-

nant was with him of life and peace; and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared me, and was afraid before my name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity.'"

"And, mother, in the chapter I read this morning (Joshua xiii. 33), it says: 'But unto the tribe of Levi Moses gave not any inheritance: the Lord God of Israel was their inheritance, as he said unto them.'

"But if this was so of Levi, what about Simeon," continued Donald, after a pause.

"Simeon's case is a very different one. As he seems to have been a leader in their common sin, so he was peculiarly hardened and specially punished. It is thought by many that it was Simeon that proposed the killing of Joseph, and those who hold this opinion think that that was the reason why Joseph selected him from among his brethren to be bound.

"They were scattered. As Jacob speaks of both scattering and dividing in reference to

these two tribes, it may be said, truthfully, that while Levi was *divided*, Simeon was *scattered*. Simeon's lot lay not together, and was so strait that many of the tribe were forced to disperse themselves in quest of settlements and subsistence.

"We find one of them transgressing God's law in marrying a Midianitish woman (Numbers xxv. 14)."

"Moses does not seem to mention Simeon," said Donald.

"Some think," said his mother, "that, as Simeon was next to Reuben in age, he is spoken of in the sixth verse, but that his name has been somehow omitted. They read the verse (Deut. xxxiii. 6): 'Let Reuben live and not die;' and of Simeon, 'let his men be few.'"

"But it says let *not* his men be few," said Donald.

"Yes, my son; but the word *not* is in italics, and therefore is not in the original. Now, if we take this rendering, you will see how marked was the fulfilment; for at the time of the Exodus we learn (Numbers i. 23), that

they numbered fifty-nine thousand three hundred, whereas, before entering Palestine (Numbers xxvi. 14), they were reduced to twenty-two thousand. This immense decrease was greater than the decrease of all the other tribes put together."

"Well, mother, shall I read what is said about Judah, the next of Jacob's sons?"

"If you please. We will find *more* is said about him than any of the others excepting Joseph."

Donald read: "'Judah, thou art he whom thy brethren shall praise.' What does this mean, mother?"

"Judah's name means praise," said Mrs. Fraser. "At his birth, Leah said, 'Now will I praise the Lord; therefore she called his name Judah,' or praise. No doubt, too, this was meant to indicate the high estimation in which he was to be held by his brethren. But perhaps most of all it foretold the birth of Christ in his line, whom all his people shall praise forever and ever."

Donald read on: "'Thy hand shall be in the

neck of thine enemies; thy father's children shall bow down before thee.'"

"All this seems to indicate the superiority of Judah," said Mrs. Fraser. "He was the leader of his brethren even while they were yet in their father's house. He had great influence with his father and it was chiefly owing to his confidence in Judah that Jacob parted with Benjamin. So but for Judah the second trip into Egypt might never have been undertaken. He was, you recollect, the spokesman before Joseph when they were all brought back, and made that wonderful appeal which for pathos and beauty is unequalled in either ancient or modern eloquence.

"He was also sent before Jacob to prepare his way to the land of Goshen."

"Do we hear anything about Judah's superiority afterwards?" inquired Donald.

"Yes, my son, a great deal. In the wilderness this tribe always took the lead. They were to be the first in making offerings to the Lord (Numbers vii. 12). They had the first lot in Canaan, and after Joshua's death, when the

Lord was asked 'Who shall go up first against the Canaanites to fight them?' the answer was, 'Judah shall go up.' Othniel, the first judge, was of the tribe of Judah, and so was the noble Caleb. David and Solomon, the greatest of all the kings of Israel, were also of this tribe.

"In numbers, too, they were superior to all the rest. At Sinai they were seventy-four thousand six hundred, being nearly twelve thousand more than Dan, the next in numbers; and on the borders of the promised land, when many of the other tribes had decreased, they were seventy-six thousand five hundred.

"In the division of the land, they were allotted fully one-third of the country west of the Jordan, while the remaining two-thirds were distributed between the eight and a half other tribes. Their territory was also more thickly covered with towns and villages than any other part of Palestine.

"The growth of the kingdom of Judah, after it separated from the other tribes, is seen by the following numbers:

"In 1 Kings xii. 21, we are told that 'Rehoboam could only muster, out of both Judah and Benjamin, one hundred and eighty thousand warriors to fight against Israel;' while, in 2 Chronicles xiii. 3, king Abijah, eighteen years afterwards, 'set the battle in array with an army of valiant men of war, four hundred thousand chosen men.'

"A still further increase is mentioned in the reign of Asa, Abijah's son (2 Chronicles xiv. 8), while Jehoshaphat, Asa's son, from the united tribes of Judah and Benjamin, mustered an almost incredible army. (See 2 Chron. xvii. 14–17.)

"But, Donald, you may read the next verse."

"'Judah is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up: he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion; who shall rouse him up?'

"What does all this about the lions mean, mother?"

"As the lion is the king of beasts, so of the tribe of Judah were to be the kings of Israel.

In fact, tradition says that their standard was a lion's whelp. And then in Revelations v. 5, the Lord Jesus is called 'the lion of the tribe of Judah;' so this prophecy and blessing (for it was both) indicates from which of the tribes the blessed Saviour was to spring. But the next verse declares this more plainly still."

Donald read: "'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.'"

"The word sceptre signifies a rod or staff," said Mrs. Fraser. "It probably was the tribal stick which the chief or leader of every tribe carried. It was the symbol of authority. It meant that Judah should continue a distinct organized tribe, administering law and exercising authority until Shiloh — that is, until He whose inherent right it is to rule, who is the fountain of all authority — shall come and take the tribal stick. The word lawgiver means a ruler or judge; so the authority of Judah, though it might be changed and very much lessened, was not entirely to depart till

Shiloh, or the Lord Jesus, should come. Long before this, it had departed from the other tribes, but Judah had some government of her own till the time of Christ. Up to the captivity their line of kings can be traced. Even in Babylon they seem to have had some form of government. On their return to their own country Zerubbabel, one of David's descendants, was their leader, and the tribe of Judah continued to have, even while under foreign domination, rulers of their own, of the the royal line. Shortly after the crucifixion, this authority was much abridged, and in that generation, at the destruction of Jerusalem, it was entirely swept away."

"What do the other two verses mean?" said Donald.

"They indicate," said his mother, "the richness of Judah's promised inheritance, and the words were amply fulfilled in the territory bestowed upon them.

"Now you may read Moses' blessing in Deuteronomy xxxiii. 7."

Donald read: "'And this is the blessing of

Judah, and he said, Hear, Lord, the voice of Judah, and bring him unto his people; let his hands be sufficient for him; and be thou an help to him from his enemies.'"

"This you see is very like the blessing of Jacob, only not expressed in such strong language," said Mrs. Fraser.

"Mother, shall we go on with the other tribes?"

"No, my son, we have not time to go any farther to-night; it is already past your bed-time, but we will consider them by-and-by."

XII.

ONE Saturday afternoon Mrs. Fraser and Donald were walking down Broadway, when they came opposite St. Paul's church. Here is to be found one of the most remarkable contrasts in the great city. A heavy iron railing encloses the area in front of the church. On the outside of this is the great thoroughfare, the walk crowded with human beings pushing and jostling each other; while on the inside, all undisturbed by the noise and excitement, sleep in quiet repose, the dead of more than two hundred years.

The living and the dead are seldom brought into such close proximity. The dead think not of those who are rushing past in such ea-

ger haste, and scarcely more do the living think, as they pass along, of those who so near sleep their last sleep.

In front of this iron railing there were a great many things for sale, such as collars for dogs, ballads, maps, toys, fruit, etc.

Among these merchants there was one differing so much from the others as at once to absorb Donald's attention. He was dressed in thin blue cotton cloth, and had on his feet clumsy wooden shoes. His hair was very long and carefully braided into a cue, which hung down his back for nearly a yard.

He was a Chinaman, and had in front of him a little table or stand, on which was a box of cigars, and beside the box a bunch of paper lighters.

"Mother, do see that curious-looking man!" said Donald, as he held her hand firmly, causing her to stop a moment just in front of where the Chinese cigar-merchant was standing.

"That man is from China, — from the other side of the world," said his mother, "and I doubt if he can speak a word of English; but we will talk to him and see."

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CARS
5
CENTS

They spoke to him accordingly, but he only shook his head, and looked bewildered. The box of cigars was labelled with a rather grotesque figure 5, meaning that they were sold for five cents each. When a customer came along, he put down the right sum and took a cigar, so that words were scarcely necessary in conducting his trade.

"What poor lighters he has!" said Donald. "Mother, I wish you would let me make him some, for I could make them so much better."

"I would be very glad to have you do so, and I am sure the poor man would be well pleased to receive them," his mother answered.

Accordingly, on his return home, Donald lost no time in putting his kind intentions into execution. All the bright scraps of paper, which had been carefully saved, were now brought out and were made into neat and graceful lighters.

By the next Saturday a large bundle of them was prepared, and Donald and his mother again set off down Broadway. They

had no difficulty in finding the place, and there stood the Chinaman, as if he had never moved since the previous Saturday.

As they laid down the lighters on the little table, his eyes fairly sparkled at such a display of bright colors, so tastefully made up. It was with some difficulty Donald could make him understand that he wanted to present them to him. But when the idea was once received from the signs they made, his gratitude, expressed in his own way, knew no bounds.

Perhaps it was the first kindness that had been shown him since he left his native land.

That night, as Donald and his mother sat by the fire awaiting the boiling of the teakettle, he was deeply absorbed in his own thoughts. After a while, he said, —

"Mother, do you suppose that Chinaman knows anything about Jesus?"

"No, my son, I do not believe he does."

"Could we not find some way of telling him about the Saviour?"

"I do not see how we can, inasmuch as he cannot speak English and we cannot speak Chinese."

Donald remained silent for a few moments, as if he were considering a problem.

"Don't you think we could find a Chinese Testament in New York? If so, he could probably read that, and from it he could learn about the Saviour of sinners, — his Saviour as well as ours."

"But the difficulty would be to find the Testament."

"Would they not have them at the Bible Society?"

"I do not think they would; but next Saturday we will go to the Bible House and see."

"Oh, it will be splendid, if they only have one. At any rate, we will *hope* they have," said Donald, as he took his place at the tea-table.

The next Saturday afternoon they went to the Bible House and asked for one of the secretaries. Mrs. Fraser stated as the object of their visit, that her little boy, having been greatly

interested in a Chinaman, was very desirous to procure him a New Testament in his own language. The Bible Society, however, had none to sell.

But, after some farther conversation, in which Donald took part, the secretary was so interested in the case, that, though they had not any Testaments to sell, he determined to give Donald a specimen copy that had been sent to them from China, as a curiosity. He went to the library and procured the book.

Donald was greatly delighted with his success, and not a little interested in the book, which was quite a curiosity in itself. The paper was very thin, of a deep-yellow color, and printed only on one side. The characters, too, in which it was printed, were very strange, and of course wholly unintelligible to Donald. His mother and he went at once to St. Paul's Church, and found, on the side-walk in front of it, their Chinese friend. He recognized them immediately, and was delighted to see them again.

Donald took the New Testament from his

pocket and handed it to him. He opened it and began to read. He seemed much pleased to see a book in his own language; and so he continued reading for some time.

Finally closing the book he handed it back to Donald, for he had no idea that it was intended as a gift to him.

Both Donald and his mother did everything in their power, by signs and otherwise, to convey the idea of a gift, but without success.

Finally Donald opened the Chinaman's coat, and, putting the book in his bosom, shut the coat upon it. A smile played over the poor man's features; it was plain that he now understood them. He was delighted beyond measure, and it was truly amusing to see the genuflexions and grimaces and smiles by which he endeavored to thank his kind benefactors.

It was not to be supposed, for a moment, that he had the slightest idea of the value of the pearl hidden in that book; but it was a book that he could read, and probably he had no other, and it was *given* to him by those who had already shown an interest in his wel-

fare; so his heart was full, and he succeeded wonderfully in showing how thankful he felt.

Donald went home much gratified with the success that had attended their mission, while his mother sent up an ejaculatory prayer to God that he would bless the Word to the saving of that poor man's soul.

That night, at the family altar, the Chinaman was faithfully remembered, and his case committed, with many fervent petitions, to Him who can save even unto the uttermost all who come unto him.

Oh that we all realized more fully the power of intercessory prayer, and were more faithful at a mercy-seat in our supplications for those who are without God and without hope in the world!

XIII.

"DONALD, will you go to Mr. Jackson's and get a pound of butter?" said Mrs. Fraser, one Saturday morning, not very long after breakfast.

Donald went to the cupboard and procured a small plate, and was soon on the way to execute his mother's errand. It was a pleasant morning, and his thoughts would have been as pleasant as the weather, but for one thing that troubled him very much. He saw that his mother had hard work to make both ends meet. Their expenses were small, but then her earnings were equally small. He had a sense of responsibility unusual in one so young. This sense pressed heavily on him, and he thought, "Oh that I could in some

way earn something, however trifling, to help my mother, without leaving school! But then, what could a little boy like me do, and who would employ me?"

When he reached Mr. Jackson's grocery, these thoughts were still revolving in his mind. Mr. Jackson was busy waiting on a lady, and his boy was out; so Donald stood quietly aside till the worthy grocer would have leisure to attend to him. When the lady's purchases were completed, she said, in a quick, sharp voice, —

"I wish these sent home immediately, as we are going to make preserves, and want to begin at once."

"I cannot send them for an hour yet, as my boy will not be back sooner than that," said the straight-forward grocer.

"Oh, that will never do," rejoined the impatient lady, in a somewhat troubled tone.

"I will take them gladly, if you will permit me," said Donald, stepping forward as he spoke, with a pleasant look.

"I will be very much obliged to you, Don-

ald," said Mr. Jackson, much relieved by this offer.

Donald put his plate in a corner of the store, out of the way, and, with the well-filled basket hanging on his arm, he trudged off.

He did his errand promptly, and was soon back with the empty basket. Mr. Jackson weighed out a pound of butter, and, as he handed it to Donald, he said, "I am not going to charge you anything for this, — you must accept of it, for doing this errand of mine so pleasantly and promptly."

Donald thanked him very cordially, and was about leaving the store, when Mr. Jackson called him back, saying, as he did so, —

"Donald! my boy, how would you like to work for me on Saturdays? You have no school on that day, and it would not interfere with your studies. My business is nearly twice as large on Saturdays as it is on other days; so I could find plenty for you to do. I would never, perhaps, have thought of it, but for the cheerful way in which you did the errand for me just now."

"I would like it *very* much," said Donald; "if my mother is willing."

"Well, you ask her; and if she has no objection, you may begin next Saturday. Tell your mother, that I will give you half-a-dollar for every Saturday's work."

When Donald reached home he told his mother about Mr. Jackson's proposal, and urged very earnestly that she should allow him to accept it. At first, she thought it would interfere with some of his studies; but Donald said he could easily study his lessons in the evenings. Then she suggested his Sabbath-school lessons, about which he was very particular. But Donald said, "Why, mother! you know I always carry a small Testament in my pocket, and I can learn my Sabbath-school lesson in the street as I go along, when out on errands."

Seeing that his heart was set on working for Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Fraser at last gave her cordial consent.

"Now, Donald," said his mother; "get your hat, and we will go down and see our

friend, the Chinese cigar man; I think I need a walk this fine afternoon."

Donald was soon ready, and the two set off, hand-in-hand, down Broadway.

That crowded thoroughfare presented a very gay appearance, with its elegantly dressed ladies, and sumptuous carriages, as they passed along on that bright summer afternoon. How strange, too, it was to think, that among all the thousands that were crowding and jostling each other, there was not one whom they had ever seen before.

On their arrival at St. Paul's Church, they were much surprised to find that the object of their visit was not there.

There was a little table, it is true, and there were some cigars on it; and there was even a Chinaman, but not their old friend.

However, they thought he might be able to understand English, and perhaps know something of the other man; so they stepped up to him and inquired for the one they wanted to see.

He evidently understood them, but it was some time ere he could find English words to

make himself understood in return. However, after considerable trouble, they made out the painful fact, that their friend had been arrested for stealing, and thrown into prison. But in reply to their questions as to who had arrested him, and where he was imprisoned, he either could not tell, or did not understand their questions.

They now went to the "Tombs," or city prison, in Centre street; but no one knew anything about him there. As neither Donald nor his mother knew even his name, — for his successor in business did not know it, and they had never heard it, — the difficulty in tracing him was very great. Not knowing where else to apply, they were reluctantly compelled to give up further pursuit of him. They went home that afternoon with very sad hearts, and almost without speaking.

"How strange it is," said Donald, that night, as they sat beside the fire, after supper, "that one of whom we had hoped so much, and for whom we have so often prayed, should have fallen into such aggravated sin."

"It is indeed," replied his mother; "but he may not be guilty of the crime charged against him, and we must not give him up. Though *we* do not know where he is, God *does*, and he may even yet hear our prayers on his behalf, and bring him to repentance; and bless that little Testament to the salvation of his soul."

Donald found his Saturday employment at Mr. Jackson's hard work; but withal pleasant. He learned a great deal about the streets of the city; picked up considerable knowledge of the grocery business; and made himself exceedingly useful in various ways. He had a pleasant smile for everybody, and soon became a great favorite among the customers. The little Scotch boy, with the red cheeks and bright black eyes, was preferred by many to wait upon them, even over Mr. Jackson himself.

It was with great satisfaction that every Saturday night he placed in his mother's hand a silver half-dollar. Moreover, as there were many things in the store which Mr. Jackson

found unsalable, though useful in themselves, he generally gave these to Donald to take home to his mother.

But all this while no word came from her brother Niel or the "Eagle Wing;" and Mrs. Fraser became more anxious day by day. The time had long gone by when he expected to be back.

At last she could bear the suspense no longer; so she determined to go down to the office of Light & Tasker, and see if they knew anything about the ship. Donald was at school, and she went alone. The streets were full of people, but this only made her feel her loneliness the more. As she went along South street, she saw the forest of masts studding the piers, and gangs of men loading and unloading cargoes. Sometimes she could hardly make her way through the crowds, and had even to pass out into the middle of the street in order to get along; but finally she reached the office. Mr. Robertson was out, and, as he was the only one she knew, she sat down to await his return.

Burly, red-faced captains passed out and in; young lads, with bills of lading to be signed, came and went, with that sense of their own importance that belongs to budding manhood.

She was interested in watching the different visitors at this busy place, till Mr. Robertson returned. He recognized her at once, and, in answer to her inquiries, said that the "Eagle Wing" had been sold at Rio de Janeiro to a shipping-house there; that Niel had been appointed captain, and that the ship had started on a long voyage to some distant port in the Pacific, and would not probably be back for two years. He was very much surprised that Niel had not written to his sister, but could not tell anything about him beyond the facts already mentioned.

Mrs. Fraser felt relieved to hear of her brother's safety, and pleased at his promotion; but was very sad at not having heard from him. She was sure that he had written, and that the letter must have miscarried. In this opinion Mr. Robertson coincided. He told

her whenever he heard anything of the ship he would let her know; but that now, when she had passed out of their hands, they would not be so likely to hear about her.

It was with a feeling of disappointment that she threaded her homeward way. Two years! how long that seemed, when she had been expecting him every day.

XIV.

MORE ABOUT THE BLESSINGS.

"MOTHER, will you tell me some more about Jacob's blessing the tribes of Israel? You know some weeks ago we went over the history of Reuben, Simeon, Levi, and Judah. These were very interesting, and I would like to learn about the others."

"Well, my son, I am ready. Get your Bible, and we will begin at once."

This was early on Sabbath morning. It was not time for church service, nor for the Sabbath school.

They were reading by an open window. It was the latter part of August, and the day was rather warm, but a breeze from the sea rendered it comfortable. Hester street was a

quiet place, and their Sabbaths, especially at this early hour, were almost as still as they used to be in Scotland.

"Zebulun is next," cried Donald. "Shall I read to you what Jacob says about him?"

"If you please."

"'Zebulun shall dwell at the haven of the sea; and he shall be for an haven of ships; and his border shall be unto Zidon;'" and turning to Deut. xxxiii. 18, he read: "'And of Zebulun he said, Rejoice, Zebulun, in thy goings out.'

"I don't understand this," said Donald, "because in my map (turning to a map in his little Bible) Zebulun does not reach to the Mediterranean sea at all."

"I know that," said his mother, "but don't you remember reading in your Josephus the other day, that his possessions extended to the Mediterranean, probably by a narrow strip?"

"Yes, I do," said Donald.

"And it is curious that Jacob's words should thus be fulfilled," continued Mrs. Fraser, "because the division of the land was by

lot, and hence there could have been no arrangement made on Joshua's part to fulfil them. He seems, from these words of Jacob, to have been the commercial tribe. The words of Moses, too, agree with this: 'Rejoice, Zebulun, in thy going out.' Like some of the other patriarchs, there is not a word said about his personal character as a man, and therefore we may infer, that he was a quiet, unobtrusive person. He is mentioned before Issachar, though the latter was the older, probably because of his superiority.

"This tribe furnished one of the judges, Elon (Judges xii. 11, 12), who judged Israel ten years. And in 1 Chron. xii. 33, they are called 'expert in war.'

"Their border on the north-east was for some distance on the Sea of Galilee, and no doubt they were expert fishermen. This is unquestionably what is meant by Moses, when he says of them, 'They shall suck of the abundance of the seas,' — the Sea of Galilee and the Mediterranean Sea, — 'and of the treasures hid in the sand.' What a beautiful description of the fisherman's life!

"Will you read about Issachar in the next two verses?"

"'Issachar is a strong ass crouching down between two burdens: And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant; and bowed his shoulder to bear, and become a servant unto tribute.'"

"This would imply," said Mrs. Fraser, "an agricultural people;—one willing to work, to bear the burden and heat of the day; a peace-loving people, fond of the land in which they dwelt, and willing to be put to some inconvenience rather than be disturbed in its possession. Though Zebulun and Issachar are often classed together, they were very different. The one dwelling in their tents or at home, the other '*going out*' in commerce. But while they were so different, they were on that account the better adapted to each other; the one was a needed ally of the other. While the one tribe made the most of their fertile inheritance, the other stretched out his arms in both directions to bring riches from afar,——the riches of commerce and the wealth of the fisherman."

"But does it not also indicate a mean people by the words 'a servant unto tribute'?"

"No, I think not," said his mother, "the nations hardest to be driven into war are often the best fighters when once they begin. But to show their high character, we learn from 1 Chron. xii. 32, that the children of Issachar 'were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do.' Josephus says of their heritage, that 'it was fruitful to admiration; abounding in pastures, and nurseries of all kinds, so that it would make any man in love with husbandry.' It seems to have been the granary of Palestine.

"Now, Donald, you may read what Jacob says of Dan."

Donald read: "'Dan shall judge his people, as one of the tribes of Israel. Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse-heels, so that his rider shall fall backward.'"

"How was Dan a judge, mother?"

"Well, in the first place the name Dan means judge or judging; and, in the second,

Samson was of this tribe, and he judged Israel twenty years."

"I do not think we hear much about Dan in the Bible," said Donald.

"No, we do not. It is rather remarkable that a tribe numbering at Sinai sixty-two thousand seven hundred, being in numbers next to Judah, should not have been more conspicuous, both in the wilderness and in the promised land."

"But the 17th verse, mother, compares Dan to a serpent and an adder. This is rather a hard character for the tribe, is it not?"

"No, I am not sure that anything mean or contemptible is meant. It seems rather to indicate secrecy in accomplishing his purposes, or his taking his enemies by surprise. But perhaps we will understand this better when you read Moses' blessing."

Donald read: "'Dan is a lion's whelp; he shall leap from Bashan.'"

"This seems to give a different character. There is surely a great difference between a serpent and a lion's whelp," said Donald.

"And yet," said his mother, "they both refer to the same event. The tribe of Dan was a large one, and their territory was too strait for them. They were between the two great tribes of Judah on the south and Ephraim on the north, and between Benjamin on the east and the Philistines on the west. Now of course they could not encroach on the territory of their fellow-tribes, and the Philistines were the strongest and most persevering of all Israel's enemies. It was difficult therefore, for them to extend their possessions. The Philistines were troublesome neighbors; and their nearness rendered cultivation of the soil in the western part of their possessions, almost useless. Continually fighting this unscrupulous people, perhaps lowered the moral character of Dan, so that we find by and by, when their territory became very strait, in Judges xviii., that they went to the extreme north, and took by surprise the city of Laish, which they called Dan. This is what the adder and the serpent mean, — the secrecy with which their plan was accomplished. The lion's

whelp may refer to the courage that this attempt at extending their territory evinced. It is thought, too, that they made their descent on Laish 'from Bashan,' which fulfils the words of Moses. Laish was the granary of the merchant princes of Zidon, and no doubt was a valuable prize."

"What does the 18th verse mean, mother?"

"It is evidently a pious exclamation of the dying patriarch, unconnected with anything either before or after.

"Will you read the blessing of Gad?"

Donald read Gen. xlix. 19: "'Gad, a troop shall overcome him: but he shall overcome at the last.'" And turning to Moses' blessing, read Deut. xxxiii. 20: "'Blessed be he that enlargeth Gad: he dwelleth as a lion, and teareth the arm with the crown of the head. And he provided the first part for himself, because there, in a portion of the law-giver, was he seated; and he came with the heads of the people, he executed the justice of the Lord, and his judgments with Israel.'"

"Mother," said Donald, "what does Jacob's blessing mean?"

"That Gad should dwell in the midst of enemies, and often be overcome by them, but finally conquer."

"Well, how was this fulfilled, mother?"

"The children of Israel were a pastoral people; but in passing through the wilderness a change seems to have taken place in this respect in some of the tribes. But Gad and Reuben retained their flocks and their original habits. So before crossing over into Palestine they besought Moses to give them their possessions in the conquered country on the east of the Jordan, which he did.

"It is said, in the 32d chapter of Numbers, 'Now the children of Reuben and the children of Gad had a very great multitude of cattle; and when they saw the land of Jazer, and the land of Gilead, that behold, the place was a place for cattle,' they came to Moses and said, 'if we have found grace in thy sight, let this land be given unto thy servants

for a possession, and bring us not over Jordan.'

"This, no doubt, was the main reason why they chose the east side of the Jordan for their possession. But how was it that this petition was presented conjointly by these two tribes? Let us see if we can find the reason. We see by Numbers x. 20, that the tribe of Gad formed a division in the camp of Reuben. 'It may well be imagined, therefore,' as a clever writer remarks, 'that after having shared together the perils of the long and arduous campaign through the wilderness, these two tribes, in addition to considerations about their cattle, feeling the strong bond of well-tried companionship in arms, were likely to act with one common council, and to have a desire still to dwell beside one another.'

"Here, separated from the other tribes, they were peculiarly exposed to the ravages of the Moabites and the Ammonites. It was a long war, but finally they triumphed. You will read how terribly the Amorites were punished by Jephthah, in Judges xi. 33; and again by

Saul, in 1 Samuel xi. 11. In Judges iii. 29, ten thousand Moabites were slain, and 'So Moab was subdued that day under the hand of Israel.' In 1 Samuel xiv. 47, Saul fought against Moab and Ammon. And in 2 Kings iii. 24, the Israelites smote Moab, and beat down their cities. And these are but specimens of many others, showing how continued was the warfare with Moab and Ammon."

"But these wars were with the Israelites and not with Gad more than the other tribes," said Donald.

"That is true, but this fighting was on account of Reuben and Gad, and the half tribe of Manasseh, who were the neighbors of Moab and Ammon, and no doubt Gad took a very active part in them. Ammon, in particular, lying right east of Gad, must have been specially annoying to that tribe."

"Moses' blessing," said Donald, "is much larger than Jacob's. How was it fulfilled?"

"That 'Blessed be he that enlargeth Gad'? We have already seen that they were much troubled by bitter enemies. This was no

doubt one way of imploring a blessing on him that would overcome these enemies, and thus extend the boundaries of the tribe. In David's time there were Gadites, whose 'faces were as the faces of lions.' (1 Chron. xii. 8.) This probably accounts for Moses' comparison. It doubtless meant also to indicate their martial character."

"But I don't understand, mother, the 21st verse at all."

"'He provided the first part for himself,' refers to his having received for his possession a portion of the territory first conquered east of Jordan.

"'Because there, in a portion of the lawgiver, was he seated' very likely refers to his getting his possessions from Moses the lawgiver, instead of by lot through Joshua, as most of the other tribes did, and the remainder of the verse describes prophetically, how they should go over Jordan with 'the heads of the people' to help in executing the justice of the Lord and his judgments on the guilty nations of Canaan.

"But it is half-past eight, — it is time you were off to Sabbath school."

Donald, though he was greatly interested in Bible talk, rose at once, and, putting on his cap, hurried away.

XV.

CHARLIE PERKINS.

IN the entry, Donald met Charlie Perkins, a little boy about six years old, who lived in the second story just over Mrs. Fraser's. His father was a policeman, — a sober, temperate man, of good moral character, but without God. Little Charlie had never been taught to pray, or to reverence God's holy day, or to go to the Sabbath school or the sanctuary. His mother had taught him to read, but had told him nothing about his relations to God or eternity. He was a bright little fellow, and very fond of Donald. He said, as Donald came out, —

"Where are you going?"

"To Sabbath school."

"Oh!"

Donald looked at him lovingly for a moment, and then said,—

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What do you do there?"

"We learn about Jesus and about heaven. We get beautiful papers with pictures in them, and nice books from the library. Will you not go with me this morning, and see what a pleasant place it is?"

"Could I go in your class?"

"Perhaps you might, but I think you would like it a great deal better in the infant class, which is taught by Miss Bates. She tells beautiful stories to the children, and shows them large pictures, and teaches them how to sing sweet hymns, and a great many other things. Wont you go?"

"I should like to go very much," said Charlie, "if mother will let me."

"Well, then, let us run upstairs and see."

So the two skipped up the stairs together, Donald's arm round Charlie as they went.

When they entered Mrs. Perkins' room,

she was dressing the baby, a dear little fellow six months old, her only other child. Mr. Perkins was out.

"Mother, can't I go to Sabbath school?"

"To Sabbath school," said Mrs. Perkins; "what made you think of that?"

"Why, Donald's going, and he says he will take me with him, if you will let him."

"Donald is very kind, but I do not know what your father will say, when he comes home to find that you are away."

"He wont mind," said Charlie, "I know he wont. *Please*, mother, let me go."

"Well, you may go this morning," said his indulgent mother, "I guess you will soon tire of it, and wont care to go again."

"Oh, thank you, mamma," said the little fellow, running up to her, and kissing her, and the baby, too. The darling baby crowed and clapped his little fat dumplings of hands in acknowledgment.

"Haven't I got a dear, kind mamma?" said Charlie, as, with his hand in Donald's, they came down the stairs together.

"Very kind," said Donald. "And O Charlie, don't you think it was good in God to give you and me such kind mammas?"

"Did God give her to me?" said Charlie.

"Yes, and he gave you your papa; my papa he took up to heaven to be with himself. He gave you your dear baby brother, too."

All this seemed strange to Charlie. He knew that there was a great being called God, but he did not know that he was the Giver of all good things.

When they reached the school, Donald took Charlie to the superintendent, who placed him in the infant class.

He sat very still; but his bright, black eyes fairly sparkled with interest as he watched all that was going on. At the reading of the chapter he listened very attentively. It was the second chapter of Matthew, giving an account of the birth of Christ. When prayer was offered, Charlie did the same as the other children.

The hymn was one that he had heard Donald sing, and so he could sing it, too. When

all the preliminary exercises were over, the glass doors of the infant-class room were closed, and the work of instruction began. Miss Bates was not present, but a very delicate-looking young lady was in her place.

She began by telling them that Miss Bates was sick, and that she had requested her to take her place. "Now," she said, "I am very sorry that your teacher is sick, but I *am* glad to have an opportunity to talk to so many dear little children."

When she began to speak, her voice seemed very feeble, but as she went on it grew stronger. She was so much in earnest that she made all the children so; and she told what she had to say with so much enthusiasm, that they all listened with the greatest attention.

"As I may never see you again," she said, "I want to spend all the time this morning in telling you about the love of Jesus, what he has done for you, and why you ought to love him."

She then told them about his birth in a stable; how he had not where to lay his head;

how he went about doing good, healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, blessing little children, and in every way making people happier and better; how he never sinned; how meek and gentle he was; how patient with his disciples; how he fed hungry people; how he stilled the waves of the sea, cast out devils, and raised the dead to life again. Then she went on and told how one disciple denied him, and another one betrayed him; how wicked men spat upon him, struck him, and mocked him, and finally crucified him; how he was buried in the new tomb, and the third day rose again from the dead, and appeared to his disciples many days, and then went up to heaven, there to pray for his people, and to love them still. Then she told how we had all sinned; that we were all lost; that it was to seek and to save sinners, young and old, that Jesus endured all these things. She told also of his love for little children, and how ready he was to bless them, and make them his own. And then she closed by teaching them this little prayer:

"Lord Jesus, who lovest little children, love me, and make me thine own little child. Take away my naughty heart, and give me a new heart, full of love to thee. Keep me while I live, and when I die take me to heaven, for thine own name's sake. Amen."

Charlie had never heard a word of all this before, and he listened with the greatest attention. He thought it the most interesting story he had ever heard. He also took great pains to remember the sweet little prayer that the kind lady taught them. She said they must kneel down at the side of their bed every night before going to sleep and say it; and Charlie determined he would do so.

As they were coming out, Donald asked the superintendent to give *Charlie* a little Testament; and he gave him one.

On their way home, Donald said,—

"How did you like the Sabbath school?"

"Oh, it was beautiful! The lady told us an interesting story about the dear Jesus, and what wicked men did to him."

"Would you like to come back again next Sabbath day?"

"Oh, yes, I mean to come *every* Sabbath, if mamma will let me."

Donald then told him that he would find the story of the blessed Jesus in the little Testament he had in his hand.

Charlie was very glad of this, and said he would read it just as soon as he could.

That night, after Charlie was undressed, he knelt down by the side of his little bed. His mother did not disturb him till he got up, when she said,—

"What were you doing, Charlie, when you were kneeling down by your bed?"

"I was praying to Jesus."

"Who taught you to do this, Charlie?"

"The dear lady who was at the Sabbath school; she taught me a beautiful little prayer, and told me to say it to Jesus every night. Oh, it is beautiful! Would you like to hear it, mamma?"

"Yes, my son, very much indeed."

Charlie then repeated the little prayer, slowly and reverently.

When he had finished, he threw his arms round his mother's neck, saying, —

"Mamma, don't you pray? The lady said everybody ought to pray."

A recollection of a pious grandmother's religious instructions, away in the dim distance of her earliest childhood, came floating back to Mrs. Perkins, like something long forgotten, as she said, —

"Yes, everybody ought to pray."

"Well, why don't you pray, mamma?"

"Because mamma is not so good as she ought to be."

This did not satisfy Charlie; but, after a pause, he said, —

"O mamma, you do not know what a beautiful story she told us about the Lord Jesus."

"Well, my darling, you may tell it to mamma, if you like."

The dear little fellow, in his clean, white night-gown, sat on his mother's knee before the fire, his curly head resting on her bosom, with beaming eyes gazing up into hers, as

he told, with wonderful accuracy, the greater part of "that sweet story of old" that had interested him so much in the morning.

When he was done, he once more embraced his mother, saying, —

"O mamma, don't you love Jesus now? I am sure I do."

"You must pray for both papa and mamma that they may love Jesus, Charlie."

He slipped softly down from her knee, and, kneeling before her, said, in his low, sweet accents, —

"O dear Jesus, make mamma and papa and little baby brother love thee, so they may go to heaven when they die."

Tears were trickling down Mrs. Perkins' cheeks as she kissed the dear child, and laid him in his little bed.

Her husband was on duty as patrolman, and was not expected home till morning. Mrs. Perkins, instead of going to bed, sat thinking on the sweet words and touching prayer of her little boy. Why should she continue an enemy to God? she said to her-

self. The Holy Spirit was dealing with that soul, so long asleep, but now aroused by the words of her child. She took up his little Testament, and read in it till far through the night. Then she prayed for the first time in her life.

She did not gain peace for many days; but these convictions never left her till she found joy in believing.

XVI.

THE END OF THE BLESSINGS.

BUT to return to Donald and his mother. That Sabbath evening, after tea, they had an hour of daylight, the days being long, to renew their examination of the blessings on the twelve tribes.

"You remember," said Mrs. Fraser, "that we left off with the blessing of Gad. Asher comes next; will you read his blessing?"

Donald read from Gen. xlix. 20: "'Out of Asher his bread shall be fat, and he shall yield royal dainties.'" And from Deut. xxxiii. 24: "'Let Asher be blessed with children; let him be acceptable to his brethren, and let him dip his foot in oil. Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days, so shall thy strength be.'"

"Jacob's blessing," said Mrs. Fraser, "indicates the richness of their possession."

"But, mother, you have already said this of several of the tribes."

"Yes, my son, it could be said with truth about all their possessions, for Palestine was then the very garden of the world. Even in its present desolate condition, there are many evidences of its wonderful natural fertility.

"Moses says: 'Let him be blessed with children.'

"In the wilderness, when several of the tribes decreased, this tribe increased eleven thousand nine hundred, — being a greater increase than that of any other tribe except Manasseh. 'Let him be acceptable to his brethren,' must refer to the good-will in which he was held by the other tribes; and, 'Let him dip his foot in oil,' to the abundance of olive-oil in his territory, — an article largely used by the people of the East."

"But what," said Donald, "is the meaning of the curious statement, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass'?"

"If you will turn," said his mother, "to Deut. viii. 9, you will see that it is promised of Palestine, that it should be 'a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.' It is not unlikely that the valuable mines from which iron and brass (or copper) were dug were in Asher's lot, and were thus under their feet like shoes.

"He closes with a precious blessing, that has comforted many a Christian to the present day.

"Now will you read the blessing of Naphtali?"

Donald read in Genesis: "'Naphtali is a hind let loose: he giveth goodly words.'

"This, mother, is the strangest blessing of all; what does it mean?"

"That Naphtali should be timid and distrustful of his own powers; swift of foot to escape the enemy,—but when at bay, firm and strong to defend his life.

"We see this illustrated in the history of the tribe, in Judges i. 33. We learn that they did not drive the Canaanites out of their

territory, but dwelt among them; and yet, Judges v. 18, says, 'Zebulun and Naphtali were a people that jeoparded their lives unto the death, in the high places of the field.'

"We see it, too, in the story of Barak; at first he was timid and distrustful of himself, but ultimately he was very brave."

"But, mother, what does he mean by saying 'He giveth goodly words'?"

"Probably that they had great writers or poets among them. We have a fine sample of their poetry in the Song of Deborah and Barak, Judges v.

"But will you please read Moses' blessing?"

Donald read Deut. xxxiii. 23: "'And of Naphtali he said, O Naphtali, satisfied with favor, and full with the blessing of the Lord: possess thou the west and the south.'"

"Moses' blessing," said Mrs. Fraser, "refers to their possessions, and Jacob's to their character.

"Josephus describes their territory as 'an earthly paradise, where the choicest fruits

grew luxuriantly, and where eternal spring reigned.' Instead of reading the 'west and the south,' it might be translated the *sea* and the south, referring, no doubt, to the fact that they had so much of the coast of the Sea of Galilee on their eastern border.

"Now we come to the blessing on Joseph, which you see is much longer than any of the rest."

"What is meant," said Donald, "by 'Joseph is a fruitful bough'?"

"It was a prophecy. His descendants were to be very numerous. Two of the most important tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh, were descended from Joseph. Ephraim became more powerful than any other of the ten tribes, and was the great competitor of Judah after the separation.

"As evidence of the influence of Ephraim, you will notice that the Tabernacle was in Shiloh, — a city of Ephraim, — three hundred years, all the time of the Judges. Here Samuel ministered as a child. Ephraim was the central tribe in position. Shechem was in

Ephraim. Deborah dwelt in Ephraim. Gideon, though he was of Manasseh, had a family at Shechem. Tola, who judged Israel twenty years, though he was of Issachar, dwelt in Shamir, in Mount Ephraim. Their power is seen by the way they called Gideon to account for not consulting with them before attacking the Midianites, and also by his conciliatory reply. So they rebuke Jephthah. At a later period David says, 'Ephraim is the strength of mine head.' (Psalm lx. 7.)

"The archers that shot at him indicate the persecutions, of which he had been the subject, from his brethren and from Potiphar. The 24th verse gives us the secret of his strength: 'The mighty God of Jacob.' Thus, looking forward to the future, he exclaims, 'Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee; and by the Almighty, who shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, blessings of the deep that lieth under.' This, doubtless, refers to seasonable rains, and no less seasonable sunshine. Manasseh lay on the Sea of Galilee. This may have been the 'deep that lieth un-

der,' or it may refer to abundant springs of water.

"Jacob closes with a most eloquent prayer for a blessing on 'him who was separate from his brethren.' Separated by their selling him to Egypt; separate, too, in the almost royal dignity to which he attained.

"O how strong Jacob's love for Joseph was," said Donald, earnestly.

"Yes, my son," was Mrs. Fraser's response, "but did you ever consider how strong *Joseph's love* was for his Father?"

The most careless reader observes the one while he may entirely overlook the other.

"And yet how strong was that love!

"When his brethren came down to Egypt the second time, his earnest inquiry is, 'Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?' How little Judah thought, in that eloquent speech of his, what a tender chord he was striking, when he brought in his father's name so often,—when he said he had been 'surety to his *father*' for the return of Benjamin; that 'his *father* was

an old man,'—'how shall I go up to my *father*, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my *father*.'

"Joseph broke down at the frequent mention of the endeared name,—'he wept aloud.' Then, when he made himself known, his first inquiry is, 'Doth my *father* yet live?' He now sends for his father, with tokens of his love and tidings of his glory. He goes to meet him; falls on his neck, and weeps on his neck a good while. He provides for him and his household out of the fat of the land; he sets him before Pharaoh. By-and-by he hears that he is sick, and hastens to visit him. He receives his blessing; watches his death-bed; embalms his body; mourns for him threescore and ten days, and then carries him into Canaan to bury him, taking with him, as an escort to do him honor, 'all the elders of Egypt, and all the servants of Pharaoh, and all his house, and the house of his brethren, chariots and horsemen, a very great company.'"

"Moses' blessing on Joseph," said Donald, "is the longest one, too."

"You will perceive that in many things it closely resembles Jacob's. He prays for the rain, the dew, the sunshine, as well as for springs of water; and crowns all with imploring the blessing of God, 'the good-will of him that dwelt in the bush.'"

"What does the 17th verse mean?" said Donald: "'His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns.'"

"The bullock," said Mrs. Fraser, "is a stately creature, and formerly was used as an emblem of royal majesty. This speaks, then, of the dignity of Joseph. Joshua, you know, who succeeded Moses, was one of Joseph's descendants, being of the tribe of Ephraim. In Ephraim was afterwards the royal city of the ten tribes, Samaria. Gideon and Jephthah were both of the tribe of Manasseh.

"Perhaps he was called the firstling of his bullock because he inherited the blessing of the birthright, which Reuben lost; and the whole metaphor may have been drawn from the fact that Bashan, which Manasseh received

for his lot, was famous for its bulls. (Psalms xxii. 12.)

"The horn is the symbol of strength. Having the horns of the unicorn denotes that he would be very strong, very powerful.

"Now will you read the blessing of Benjamin, Donald?"

Donald read Gen. xlix. 27: "'Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil.'"

"This does not seem a very good character for a son who was as much beloved as Benjamin," said Donald.

"No, my son; but it shows that Jacob now speaks the words of prophecy, and not the language of his own fond heart. But before we consider how these words were fulfilled, let us look a little at the history of Benjamin before this."

"There is more said about him than there is about most of the others," said Donald.

"Yes, there is. The first thing to notice about Benjamin is the fact that his birth

was connected with his mother's death. His mother desired to have children with a vehemence entirely inconsistent with a proper submission to God's will. When her first child was born, instead of being satisfied, she called him Joseph, which means '*adding*,' saying, 'The Lord shall add to me another son.'

"How wonderful, then, it was that the gratification of her wish should cost her her life!

"Another curious thing was, that he was born at Bethlehem, where David was born, and the blessed Saviour.

"It does not seem that Jacob, though very fond of him, expressed that partiality for him that he did for Joseph. Perhaps he had learned the folly of such partiality as well as the sin of it. Nor does it appear that his brethren were at all jealous of him as they were of Joseph."

"But, mother, how was Jacob's blessing fulfilled?"

"Their whole history, as a tribe, proved that they were very *fierce*. We learn little of them, except in connection with bloodshed.

They fought desperately with the other tribes, when they were in the wrong about the matter of Gibeah. (Judges xix. xx.)

"They seem to have been the only tribe that practised archery. (1 Chron. viii. 40; xii. 2, etc.)

"They had, in the time of the Judges (xx. 16), 'Seven hundred chosen men left-handed; every one of whom could sling stones at an hairbreadth and not miss.'

"In Asa's time (2 Chron. xiv. 8) they furnished two hundred and eighty thousand men that bore shields and drew bows.

"In his mountain passes, — the ancient haunts of beasts of prey, Benjamin 'ravined as a wolf in the morning,' descending into the rich plains of the Philistines on the one side, and of the Jordan on the other, and returned in the evening to 'divide the spoil.'

"Later in their history, they seem to have joined themselves to Judah, drawn together by their proximity, and by their being both royal tribes, Benjamin having furnished Saul, and Judah David, to the throne.

"But Moses' blessing is a very beautiful one. You may read it now."

Donald read Deut. xxxiii. 12: "'And of Benjamin he said, The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the Lord shall cover him all the day long, and he shall dwell between his shoulders.'"

"In Joshua xv. 63 it says, 'As for the Jebusites, the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the children of Judah could not drive them out: but the Jebusites dwell with the children of Judah at Jerusalem unto this day.' While Joshua (xviii. 28) says, 'Jebusi, which is Jerusalem. This is the inheritance of the children of Benjamin according to their families.'

"It is evident, then, that part of Jerusalem was on the territory of Judah and part on that of Benjamin. Even the temple itself was believed to stand partly on the lot of Judah and partly on Benjamin, so that whilst the altars, and the holy place, stood within the borders of one tribe, the courts of the temple extended into the borders of the other. Hence he was beloved of the Lord and dwelt

in safety. This tribe and Judah did not apostatize as the others did.

"It was an honored tribe too, for Ehud, the second judge, and Saul, the first king, were of Benjamin; so also were Esther and Mordecai. But greater than all, Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, was of this tribe.

"Mark how eloquent are the words of blessing on all the tribes (verses 27–29). 'Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord,' etc. The words of blessing in these three verses are the last recorded words of Moses, the great lawgiver and great ruler, and certainly one of the noblest of men.

"In tracing the history of these various tribes, and comparing it with the prophetic blessings of Jacob and Moses, we have fresh evidence of God's faithfulness to his promises. 'God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said it and will he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?'"

"I like these blessings almost as much as the story of the Kenite," said Donald, as he kissed his mother good-night, preparatory to going to bed.

XVII.

SIX months had passed away and nothing was heard from Mrs. Fraser's brother Niel. She became very uneasy on his account, and not a little so on her own. A considerable portion of the little sum she had brought over the sea with her, as well as the money paid to her by her brother's directions on her arrival, was gone. For in spite of the closest economy she could never earn more than enough to pay their necessary expenses, and during one or two periods of serious sickness, when her work had to be stopped, and a doctor's bill added to her other expenses, she had been compelled to use a portion of what she had laid away for a time of need. Still her trust was in the Lord, and

she was sure that he would never allow her to want.

One morning, as she was sweeping her room, she heard a gentle tap at the door. On opening it she saw little Charlie Perkins standing outside, with a face full of trouble.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" she said.

"Mother is very sick, and father is out, and there is nobody to take care of her."

"Did she tell you to come for me?" inquired Mrs. Fraser.

"No, ma'am, but I did not know who else to go to. Wont you come and see her?"

"Certainly, at once," was the prompt and cordial reply.

So, taking the dear little boy by the hand, she went with him upstairs. She found Mrs. Perkins suffering from a headache, so violent that she could scarcely raise it from the pillow. Mrs. Fraser bathed her head with cold water. She straightened the bedclothes and shook up her pillow. She then gave her some medicine, kindled the fire, and put on the teakettle. She next dressed the baby and tidied up the

room in the way a neat and particular woman only could do it.

By this time the water in the kettle was boiling, and she made Mrs. Perkins a good cup of tea and some nice toast. All this was served up so neatly that, though the sick woman had no appetite, she was tempted to eat a little, and the tea acted as a medicine in soothing her throbbing temples.

When this was over and the dishes put away, as Mrs. Perkins lay back on her pillow, she declared she was "a great deal better, yes, almost cured."

After putting the baby to sleep in the little crib, Mrs. Fraser took Charlie on her lap, and from his little Testament read several chapters in John's Gospel.

She then sang that sweet hymn: —

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

and, by prayer, committed their case to the blessed Saviour.

If her kind attention to the body had been comforting to the sick woman, the religious exercises proved even more refreshing.

Mrs. Fraser now took her leave, promising to come back in time to prepare dinner for Mr. Perkins and Charlie, and urging Mrs. Perkins to try to sleep for a while. The better to secure this, she took Charlie downstairs with her. She first, however, handed Mrs. Perkins a little bell to ring in case she wanted anything.

About eleven o'clock Mrs. Fraser went upstairs again and found her patient had just awoke from a refreshing sleep, and that she felt much better.

The fire was nearly out, but with a little pains it was soon rekindled, and by the time Mr. Perkins came in the dinner was ready.

He was very grateful to Mrs. Fraser, and insisted that she and Donald, who had just come home from school, should take dinner with them. Mrs. Perkins was bolstered up in bed with pillows, and was able to eat a little at the same time.

Mrs. Fraser had noticed, in the morning, the curious little teapot, in which she had made the tea for her patient, but did not like

to ask any questions of her sick friend. But now that she was mending she said, after being seated at the table, "Mrs. Perkins, where did you get this curious little teapot?"

"Ah," said Mr. Perkins, "a story belongs to that teapot, a very interesting one to me. That teapot came from China."

"What is this little creature on the top of it?" Mrs. Fraser inquired.

"It is a lizard. In some parts of China, the lizard is a sacred animal, and it is put on this teapot, as it is no doubt on many others there, as a sort of household deity.

"But while you are eating your dinner I must tell you the story that belongs to it.

"Some time since, I was sent to arrest a man for stealing. He was an ignorant Chinaman. The poor fellow could not speak any English, or at least but very few words, so he could say nothing in his own defence; but when brought before the police magistrate, and the crime with which he was charged communicated to him by signs, he said everything he could in the same way, to indicate

his innocence of the charge laid against him.

"I was very much interested in the man, because I felt sure, from his countenance, that he was not guilty. No doubt my interest in him was increased by compassion for his helplessness. I visited him frequently in prison, and taught him many English words. I also took much pains to acquaint myself with his case, and to gather together the evidence of his innocence. His trial did not come on for several months, during which time he was kept in prison.

"As the time of the trial approached, my visits to him grew more and more frequent. No matter what hour of the day I entered his cell, I always found him occupied in reading a little paper-covered book, printed in the Chinese character. My curiosity became excited by seeing the eagerness with which he pored over its pages, and so one day I asked him what book it was. By this time he had picked up a good deal of English, and so I knew he could both understand my question and reply

to it. He said it was a good book and told about God. I cannot give you his words, for it took a good many of them to draw from him just what it was. But I soon discovered that it was a copy of the New Testament, printed in the Chinese character. He said it was his comfort and consolation; that it had taught him how to be happy, — so happy that the confinement of the dungeon did not make any difference to him. He said he loved Jesus and that Jesus loved him, and was with him, so that he never was lonely.

"As I felt quite sure that he would be acquitted, I asked him what he intended to do in that case.

"He said he would return at once to San Francisco, where there were so many of his countrymen, and tell them about Jesus. He seemed full of the subject. In fact, his interest in his own acquittal appeared to arise mainly from his desire to tell his countrymen about the Saviour of sinners.

"I asked him if he had brought the Testament with him from China.

"He shook his head. 'No! I knew nothing of that blessed book or of Jesus there," he said.

"On my asking him how then he had got it, he said that it had been given to him by a dear little boy, when he was selling cigars on Broadway, not very long before his arrest."

Both Mrs. Fraser and Donald, who had been listening to this narrative with almost breathless attention, now looked eagerly at each other, while Donald exclaimed,—

"Why, mother, that must have been our Chinaman! Can it be possible that it was he?"

"I certainly think it must have been," was Mrs. Fraser's reply.

A few words of description of his person soon convinced them that it could be no other than their friend. Two happier people have seldom been seen than Donald and his mother, as they listened to the remainder of the story.

"The trial came on," continued Mr. Perkins; "and it was soon apparent to the judge

that the prisoner was innocent, and so he was fully acquitted. His gratitude to me knew no bounds, and was much greater than my slight services deserved. He immediately sought means of reaching California; and, as he had no money, he tried to get and finally succeeded in getting a place to work his passage on one of the clipper ships bound to San Francisco.

"He had but his Testament and this teapot. He could not part with the Testament, and, as he had nothing else to give, he gave me the teapot."

Mrs. Fraser then told them how interested she and Donald had felt in this poor Chinaman, and what they had done for him.

"Well, mother," said Donald, "you told me it would come out right. How remarkably your prayers have been answered."

"Yes, my son, we little realize as we ought the power of prayer. But it is truly good news this that we have heard from Mr. Perkins, and so unexpected. I did not think that in this world we should ever hear again of this

man. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' Surely we can say with the Psalmist, 'The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple.'"

"And in addition," said Mrs. Perkins, "we have in this remarkable history renewed evidence of God's faithfulness to his promise. 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.'"

After dinner, Mrs. Fraser, finding Mrs. Perkins so comfortable, left her.

As Donald was going out of the room, Mr. Perkins said,—

"Donald, I think you are better entitled to this teapot than I am, and yours it must be;" at the same time handing it to him.

Donald declined receiving it at first; but Mr. Perkins was so earnest in urging it on him, that he finally accepted it. It was put on Mrs. Fraser's mantel-piece as a memento of a very pleasant chapter in their history.

XVIII.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

"NO, Donald, the Lord will not forsake us. Has not David said, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread'?"

"But, mother, where is the money to come from? To-morrow we must pay our rent or leave the house, the agent says; and I am sure you cannot be moved in your present condition; and if you could, we have no place to go to. Then, there is the doctor's bill to be paid, — where are we to get the money for that? And even for our daily food, what are we to do? We have just half a dollar left, and that will not last us beyond to-morrow. I do not care for myself, but I cannot bear

to see you suffer, especially when you are so ill."

"The Lord often tries his children to show their entire dependence on him; but that we shall actually want, painful as our prospect is, I do not believe. Just how this deliverance is to come, I cannot see; but I can trust the Lord to bring it to pass."

"I have prayed, day by day," said Donald, "that the Lord would show us what to do,—would send help in this our extremity; but yet I do not see the help come, nor any prospect of it. If Uncle Niel had been living, surely we would have heard from him before this time."

"It does seem so," said his mother. "Poor Niel! If he is living, I know he has written to us; and yet he may have written, and the letter miscarried."

This conversation occurred a year after the circumstances related in the last chapter. Mrs. Fraser had been very ill for many weeks. Their carefully preserved store of money had been used with the most rigid economy; but

as nothing could now be earned by Mrs. Fraser, it had been all consumed except the last half dollar. Donald might have found something to do, but his mother had been so ill that she could not be left alone, so that he had to be constantly with her.

These were sad days for the dear boy,—days of great anxiety and responsibility for one so young. But he bore up under it manfully. He had no one to help him, for Mrs. Fraser was of such a retiring disposition that she had made no acquaintances. Mrs. Perkins, who would have been glad to reciprocate the kind attentions that had been shown to her when she was sick, had removed to California some months before this, and a strange family, Germans, who could speak little English, had taken the rooms that she and her husband had occupied.

Now that want stared them in the face, the poor boy's faith began to fail. He loved his mother with a marvellous affection, and that she should suffer was more than he could bear.

It was Monday night, and a drizzling rain with occasional hail added no cheerfulness to the evening.

Mrs. Fraser was considerably better than she had been, the crisis of the fever being over; but she was extremely feeble, and unable to rise from bed.

That night, as Donald took up his Bible, she asked him to read 1 Kings, 17th chapter.

Their desperate situation seemed to rouse her to the utmost, which was evinced strikingly in the earnestness of her petitions at a throne of grace. As Donald joined in these petitions, his faith revived, and he said to his mother, with a smiling face, as he kissed her good-night,—

"I am sure the Lord will hear that prayer; we may both go to sleep trusting Him."

This simple confidence of her dear boy greatly cheered her heart, and if any strange eye could have peered into that house, less than an hour afterwards, he would have seen both mother and son sleeping sweetly. For the Lord "giveth his beloved sleep." The

next morning Donald awoke early, made the fire, and prepared their scanty breakfast. He was so busy with these domestic duties, that he did not observe what a change had taken place without. But after the work was all done, while waiting for his mother to awake, he had time to look into the street.

Everything had that clean look which usually follows a heavy rain in a great city. The clouds had passed away, and the sun was rolling upwards in the heavens in all his glory. It seemed to Donald then as if He who made this beauty could easily care for him and his mother. It was so much easier to trust the Lord in the glorious sunshine of the morning than it had been in the storm of the previous night.

While he was thus thinking, he heard his mother call him. He went to her at once. She had slept the whole night through without waking, and now felt better than she had done for many weeks. Her appetite had been very poor, but this morning she ate, with considerable relish, what Donald had prepared for her.

After the breakfast things were cleared away, Donald took his seat at his mother's bedside, and was reading to her the 103d Psalm, when a tap was heard at the door.

He laid down the Bible and opened the door; when in walked Mr. Robertson, the book-keeper for Light & Tasker. Donald did not recognise him, but his mother knew him at once. She was braced up with pillows, so she could converse without any effort, and, as he approached her bed, she held out her thin white hand to him.

Mr. Robertson was evidently surprised to see her looking so ill, and, in a sympathizing tone, inquired what was the matter. In a few words she explained the nature of her illness, at the same time assuring him that she was much better.

"I have a letter for you," he said, "from your brother Niel, and" — but before he could get further, he saw that Mrs. Fraser was passing into a faint. Donald ran for water, which, being sprinkled on her face, soon brought her to; for joy seldom kills. As she opened

her eyes, they heard her say, in a feeble voice, O Lord, I thank thee!" As soon as she recovered her strength, she asked: —

"And is Niel really alive? Where is he?"

"At San Francisco, when my letter was written," said Mr. Robertson. "And my letter contained one for you," he said, after a pause, at the same time taking the letter from his pocket and handing it to her.

Being relieved by knowing that her brother was alive and well, she was in no haste to read her letter, but continued the conversation. After a few general remarks, Mr. Robertson said:

"In my letter he says that he wrote to you from Rio de Janeiro, and again from Hong Kong, directing that your answer be addressed to San Francisco; but that he had been greatly disappointed to find no letters on his arrival there. He feared that his own letters had miscarried. In order to prevent this occurring again, he wrote to me, enclosing your letter and a draft for one hundred dollars. He made the draft payable to my order, think-

ing that it would save you trouble as well as insure the certainty of your getting it; so here is the money." With that he handed her the amount in five-dollar gold pieces.

Knowing that Mrs. Fraser would be anxious to read her letter, he took his leave before she could say a word, so surprised was she at this most unlooked-for and yet sorely-needed relief.

As the door closed behind him, Mrs. Fraser said: —

"Donald, read that psalm over again. If it expressed the thoughts of our hearts before, how much more fully does it do so now!"

As he read, in a clear voice, those beautiful expressions of thanksgiving, both hearts joined earnestly in the inspired words.

They then sang together, from the Scottish version of the same psalm, —

"O thou my soul, bless God the Lord:
And all that in me is
Be stirred up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee."

The prayer of Mrs. Fraser abounded in loving gratitude to her heavenly Father for this signal and unexpected deliverance.

Then they read the letter together. It was full of anxious interest about them, and of loving words. He wrote that he was quite well; that he had made a successful and profitable cruise, and hoped to be in New York, *via* Cape Horn, in about six months from the date of his letter.

"I think I shall never distrust the Lord again," said Donald.

"I hope it will serve to increase my faith, too," said Mrs. Fraser; "for, though I never doubted the Lord's goodness or his faithfulness, yet it must be confessed that last night I could see no way of deliverance from our painful circumstances. But this realizes the truth of the old Christian proverb, "Man's extremity is the Lord's opportunity." Till we felt that there was no hope for us but in the Lord, deliverance was delayed. Last night we fully realized this, and now ample provision has been made for all our wants, — a provision as

really of our heavenly Father's sending as if it had been brought by an angel, instead of by the hands of our kind friend Mr. Robertson.

Another knock was now heard at the door. It was the agent for his rent. With what pleasure she counted out the money to him! He looked rather surprised, — taken aback, in fact, — at the promptness of the payment, for he had not expected it.

Mrs. Fraser saw his look of astonishment, and thought it best to explain to him how she had got the money.

From that hour she rapidly improved, for anxiety about her brother had added greatly to her trouble. The doctor's services were no longer required, and his bill, a very reasonable one, was promptly paid.

"They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," is the Lord's promise, and he had made it good.

XIX.

LETTERS.

"WHY, there is Mr. Robertson again," said Donald, one morning as he was looking out of the window, two weeks after the pleasant events mentioned in the last chapter.

Donald opened the door before Mr. Robertson had time to rap.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Fraser," he said in a cheery voice, as he crossed the threshold. "I am very glad to see you so much better, and that you are able to be about again."

"Thank you, sir, I have great reason to be thankful," was the reply.

"I hope you wont get tired of my visits," Mr. Robertson said, "but yesterday three letters for you came to our care, and I thought

you might be glad to get them, so here they are."

As he said this he handed Donald, who was standing beside him, the letters, and saying "Good-morning," was off in a moment.

"One of them is post-marked St. Louis, — that must be from Mrs. Richardson; the other is post-marked Helensburgh, Scotland, — I wonder who it is from; the third is from San Francisco, — that must be Mrs. Perkins," said Donald, as he handed his mother the letters one by one.

Mrs. Richardson's was opened first. She said that she was now very pleasantly settled, and keeping house for her son. That she found a society of very excellent religious people in St. Louis. Captain Johnson she had seen several times since they all met on the sea. His health was quite recovered, and he was now commanding a large Mississippi steamboat plying between St. Louis and New Orleans. She sent a great deal of love to Donald, and hoped both he and his mother would write to her a full account of everything that

had befallen them since they parted on the deck of the good ship "William Wallace." She concluded by hoping that some day they might meet again in this world, but at any rate by God's grace that they might meet in the better land, there to recount through an endless eternity all the goodness of the Lord.

"Oh, that is such a nice letter," said Donald, "just like Mrs. Richardson, too." The next we must give in full.

"HELENSBURGH, Feb. 7, 18—.

"MY DEAR MRS. FRASER: — I dare say you have often wondered what had become of me, and am sure I deserve a good scolding for delaying so long in writing to you. But I never was fond of writing letters, — no sailor is, — and so I hope you will excuse my negligence. On the arrival of the 'William Wallace' at Greenock I asked to be paid off, my time being up. The captain did this, though I think he was sorry to part with me. I am sure I was just as sorry to leave him, for a more kind or considerate master no sailor-boy ever had. So after shaking

hands all around, and with all my worldly goods tied up in a large pocket-handkerchief, I bore down upon this place with a fair wind and all sails set. It was nearly dark as I cast anchor in this village, and I can assure you that a familiar port it seemed to me. There was the old school-house, where I had taken aboard all my cargo of education, — there the parish-church where I had so often gone with my mother.

"But when I finally came to the house where I was born, and where all dear to me still lived, I became a baby and cried lustily. Drying my tears, I rapped at the door. My mother opened it. Assuming all the self-constraint I could, I said, 'Can you give a poor sailor some supper?'

"'Yes, and welcome,' was the prompt reply. 'My own dear boy is away on the sea, and I will receive you as I would have your mother to receive him, should she ever have the opportunity.'

"As she said this, she gave me a seat, and stepping to the fireplace, she filled the teaket-

tle and stirred up the fire into a bright blaze. Turning round, she looked me full in the face. She had not seen me before, it was so dark. She knew me at once, and rushed, almost fainting, into my arms. That, I need not tell you, was the happiest tea-drinking ever witnessed in my mother's cottage. All the little children crowded around me to welcome home their long-lost brother.

"After supper, she took from the mantle the big Bible, saying, 'Now, Sandy, you must take your father's place in the house, and lead us evening and morning at the family-altar.' I read the 104th Psalm, and oh, what a delightful time of prayer we had together.

"I have found steady employment so near at hand that I can sleep in my mother's house, and we are once more a united little household. My mother wishes me to thank you for the pincushion you sent her. She thinks it is extremely beautiful. It now occupies a conspicuous place on the mantel-piece in her best room.

"Hoping to hear from you soon, and with

much love both to yourself and Donald, I am your affectionate friend,

"SANDY."

"That is better yet," said Donald. "Well done for Sandy. I think, for a sailor who does not like to write letters, he does first-rate, don't you, mother?"

"Yes, I do; but let us see what Mrs. Perkins says; for this San Francisco letter is from her."

"SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 1, 18—.

"DEAR MRS. FRASER: — We arrived here safely after a very fatiguing journey, about six weeks ago. I was very sea-sick on the way, but nevertheless I think the voyage did me good. Neither Charlie nor the baby were sick for a moment, and Mr. Perkins was so only a few hours, one very rough day. In fact, they all grew fat on the ship. I could not have believed that one voyage of five tedious months would have worked such a change on the children as it did.

"We like it here very much. We miss you

and our other dear friends, but I feel sure that this climate is going to agree with me much better than that in the East did. We had considerable difficulty in getting any place to stay, and even now, our accommodations are very poor; but as my husband has got an excellent situation, I hope by-and-by we will be able to build a little house of our own.

"One of the earliest things my husband thought of on arriving here, was to find your old friend, Yan-ti-sing, the Chinaman.

"The first Sabbath after our arrival, at the close of church-service, he started for the Chinese quarter of the city, in the hope of finding him. But all his search was in vain. No trace of him was to be gained. It is not improbable that he may have died by the way from exposure in going round the Horn, for he was a man of feeble frame, or he may have been washed overboard in a storm. But whether living or dead, it is well with him, for he could truly say with the great apostle, 'To me, to live is Christ, to die is gain.' If his body does lie in the bottom of the deep blue sea, what mat-

ters it when his soul is safe in glory? Even that precious dust, too, shall be restored and made a glorified body, in the day when 'the sea shall give up the dead which are in it.'

"I look back with great pleasure on the many happy days spent with you in Hester street.

"It is scarcely possible that we will meet again on earth, but oh, the blessedness of meeting before the throne of God and of the Lamb. That will make up for all hardships by the way.

"My husband joins me in kind love to you all. Hoping to hear from you both soon, I am

"Your affectionate friend,

"JANE KISSAM PERKINS."

"Poor Yan-ti-Sing!" said Donald; "I had hoped that this letter would have brought us some account of him."

"I fear," his mother replied, "that Mrs. Perkins' surmises are only too true. But, my dear boy, let us live in the blessed hope of meeting him in the better land."

XX.

CONCLUSION.

ONE day Donald was returning from school, six months after the reception of the letters introduced in the last chapter. He was mounting the steps of his own house, swinging to and fro his school-books by the strap with which they were bound together, when he heard a voice behind him, saying, —

"Cast anchor, stranger. Do you know if there is a widow woman named Fraser living in these parts?"

As Donald turned, he saw that these words were intended for him. So he promptly replied, —

"Yes, sir, she is my mother; and she lives here. If you will come this way, I will take you to her."

"Then your name is Donald, I suppose," was the man's rejoinder, as he came up the steps.

Donald could not understand how the stranger should know his name; though he said nothing, but led the way to his mother's door. As he opened it he said,—

"Mother, this gentleman wishes to see you."

"Well, mistress," said the stranger, straightening himself up, and looking her full in the face, "don't you know me?"

"Why, brother Niel, can it be you!" she said, as she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him over and over again.

"Yes, it is; there is no doubt about that," was the laconic reply.

"When did you reach New York?"

"Only an hour ago; and, as soon as I ascertained your direction, I came straight here just as fast as my legs could carry me."

"Oh, I am very glad to see you! I have so yearned to see some known and loved face in this land of strangers, and especially yours,

my dear brother. I was so long without news from you, that I was afraid I was never to hear from you again. But the Lord has been better to us both than our fears would allow us to believe he would be."

"That's so," was the emphatic answer.

"But," he continued, after a pause, "did you not get my three letters?"

"No, I got only one, — the one from San Francisco."

She then related to him the wonderful deliverance which the money accompanying it proved in their time of trial and of need.

An expression of keen delight overspread his countenance as he listened to her story.

"And so this is little Donald, — is it?" he said. "He has grown to be a large boy. I hope he is at good as he is large."

"Yes, Donald has been a great comfort to me. I scarcely see how I could have done without him, especially in my days of trouble."

That night, after Donald went to bed, the brother and sister sat beside the comfortable

fire, talking over what had occurred since last they met. Niel said that his voyage had been singularly successful; that he had a considerable interest in the cargo, and the venture turning out a very profitable one; he had now enough to make them all comfortable in a worldly sense.

He was under obligations to the owners of the ship to make one more voyage in the "Eagle Wing," after which he intended to abandon the sea, and settle down on a farm in some healthy portion of one of the Western States. In the mean time he wished Donald to be kept closely at school, so that his education might be as complete as possible before leaving New York. He insisted on it that his sister must cease to sew for a living, there being no longer any necessity that she should continue to do so.

Niel remained but a short time in New York. The ship was rapidly discharged of its precious cargo, and laden anew for a foreign port.

Donald and his mother went down the bay with Niel, and returned in the steamer that

towed his ship to sea. A favoring breeze filled the sails, and the "Eagle Wing" danced over the waves like a thing of life, joyous as it were to begin another voyage.

We must introduce our friends once more before we take a final leave. This time it is not in the crowded streets of New York, but on the distant shores of Lake Michigan. On a high bluff, overlooking the lake, stands a comfortable farm-house, the presiding genius of which is Mrs. Fraser. She is three years older than she was when last we saw her, but she certainly looks five years younger. That pale, careworn look is all gone, and in its stead is a cheerful smile on a face well-bronzed with the sun. She is surrounded with cows and calves and pigs and chickens and geese and ducks, and all the usual concomitants of a well-arranged American farm-yard.

Her apron is filled with newly-laid eggs, appetizing to look at. As she enters the kitchen door, she says,—

"It is more than time they were home. I

will put these eggs away, give a glance at the corn-bread in the oven, and go to the end of the bluff to look for them."

Having done this, she put on her sun-bonnet and went out.

Just as she reached the end of the promontory, which extended some distance into the lake, she saw her brother and Donald leap from the sail-boat in which they had been fishing, make her fast to the little pier, and come ashore with a great basket full of the finest fish.

"What kept you so long?" said Mrs. Fraser, as they returned to the house together.

"Oh, we had such fine fishing," Niel replied, "that we could not leave it; and, as we knew that the work on the farm was done for the day, we thought we would indulge ourselves in a good dose of the sport."

A portion of the fish were prepared for supper by Mrs. Fraser's skilful hands, and both they and the corn-bread received ample justice from the hungry fishermen.

As they sat together on the piazza that

splendid night, watching the bright belt of silver formed by the moon's rays, and listened to the plashing of the waves on the rocks at the end of the bluff, Mrs. Fraser turned to Donald and said, —

"My dear boy, as we bade farewell to the dear hills of Scotland, five years ago, how little we thought that such a beautiful home as this would ever be ours, in the land of our adoption."

"And still less, dear mother, when you was sick, the rent due, the doctor to be paid, and nothing left, even for food, but fifty cents. That was the darkest day that I can remember."

"And yet," said Uncle Niel, "your deliverance was just at hand. Oh, what a blessed thing it is to trust the Lord, and to be able to say: 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.'"

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Fraser; "except

for our trust in the Lord we would have been in a sad case. But now I can look back and bless him for all the way in which he led us. The days spent in Hester street were precious days, though through many of them we were in the furnace. We can truly say, 'He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.'"

"But how much pleasanter this is than living in New York!" exclaimed Donald. "I am glad to be delivered from a great city. There is a freedom in farm-life, especially when it is combined with an occasional sail on the lake, and the companionship of a dear uncle, that is to me inexpressibly delightful."

"I think, to-night, we will read your favorite psalm (the 103d)," said Uncle Niel, as they returned into the house, preparatory to family worship.

"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL."

JUN 1 2 1945